HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. VI.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

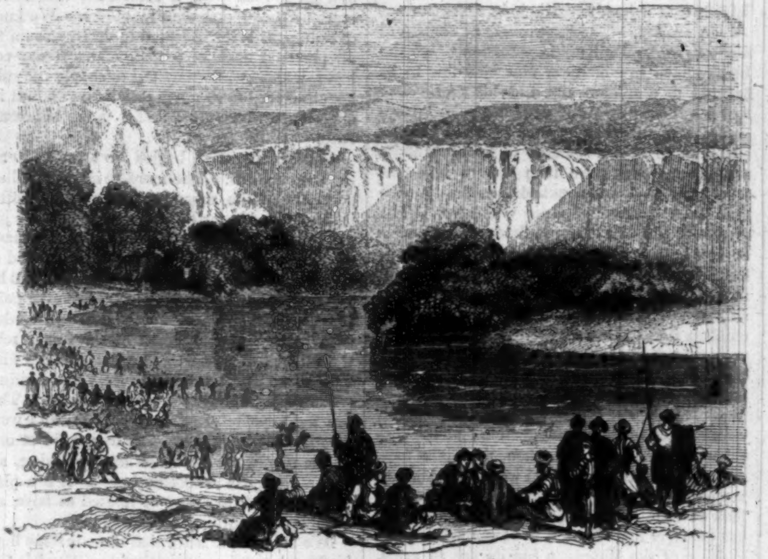
Pilgrims' Bathing-Place.—A pleasant Meeting.—Route to Hebron.—The Mosque and Cave of Machpelah.—Hebron.—Its People, Employments, and Associations.—John Steenburger's usual Fate.—Abraham's Oak.—Glass-making.—The Tent at Night.

WE remained four days in the Jordan Valley. On the morning of the fifth a very pleasant incident occurred, which is worth relating. I have told you that John Steenburger is from the bank of the Ohio River. We rode down to the Jordan at the pilgrims' bathing-place—the spot where it is said that Christ was baptized—and we stood on the bank, watching the flow of the river, while I described to him the amusing scene that I once saw when the pilgrims were rushing in, and bathing, and dipping their shrouds in the sacred stream. The appearance of the river was different now. Its calm flow, the still and lonely banks, the soft gush of the holy water, were unlike that scene when the pilgrims of all nations thronged it and sought purity in its stream.

As we stood there, a shout from across the river, in pure English, startled us.

"Who goes there?"

Who think you it was that talked Anglo-Saxon in the land of the Moabites? None other than John Steenburger's best friend, who lives in Ohio nearly opposite his own residence, and who was now separated from him by the Jordan instead of "*La Belle Rivière.*" He was with a party who had come down from Jerusalem the day previous, camped at the head of the Dead Sea, were now riding up the valley, having forded the Jordan to say that they had been on the other side, and who, catching sight of us, had hailed us in our own tongue. The meeting was joyful, and we passed the morning together. They went back to the Holy City in the afternoon, and we struck our tents and rode over to Saint Sabas in the wilderness, where we passed the night in the ravine outside of the convent walls. I had tried the interior once, and that was enough.



PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE JORDAN.

The next day we rode to Bethlehem, and slept in the convent that night, and thence came by the pools of Solomon down to Hebron.

The road from Jerusalem to Hebron lies by Bethlehem. As Steenburger desired to see the Mosque of Machpelah, and I had myself some desire to renew the acquaintance I had formerly established with the plains of Mamre, I consented to go down with my friend. Therefore I date this letter from the city of Abraham. Possibly my tent is pitched on the identical ground that was occupied by his tent when the promises were made to him which had their fulfillment in the glorious history of his children—which are yet to have their further fulfillment in the future history of that despised but powerful race, whose children are more numerous to-day than in any former generation, and who are steadily and constantly surpassing the host of heaven in numbers.

Here, where my tent is pitched, the angels came. Here the patriarch began his weary travel to the hill Moriah, where Isaac was to be sacrificed. Here the story of Hagar had its origin. Here Ishmael and Isaac buried the Father of the Faithful.

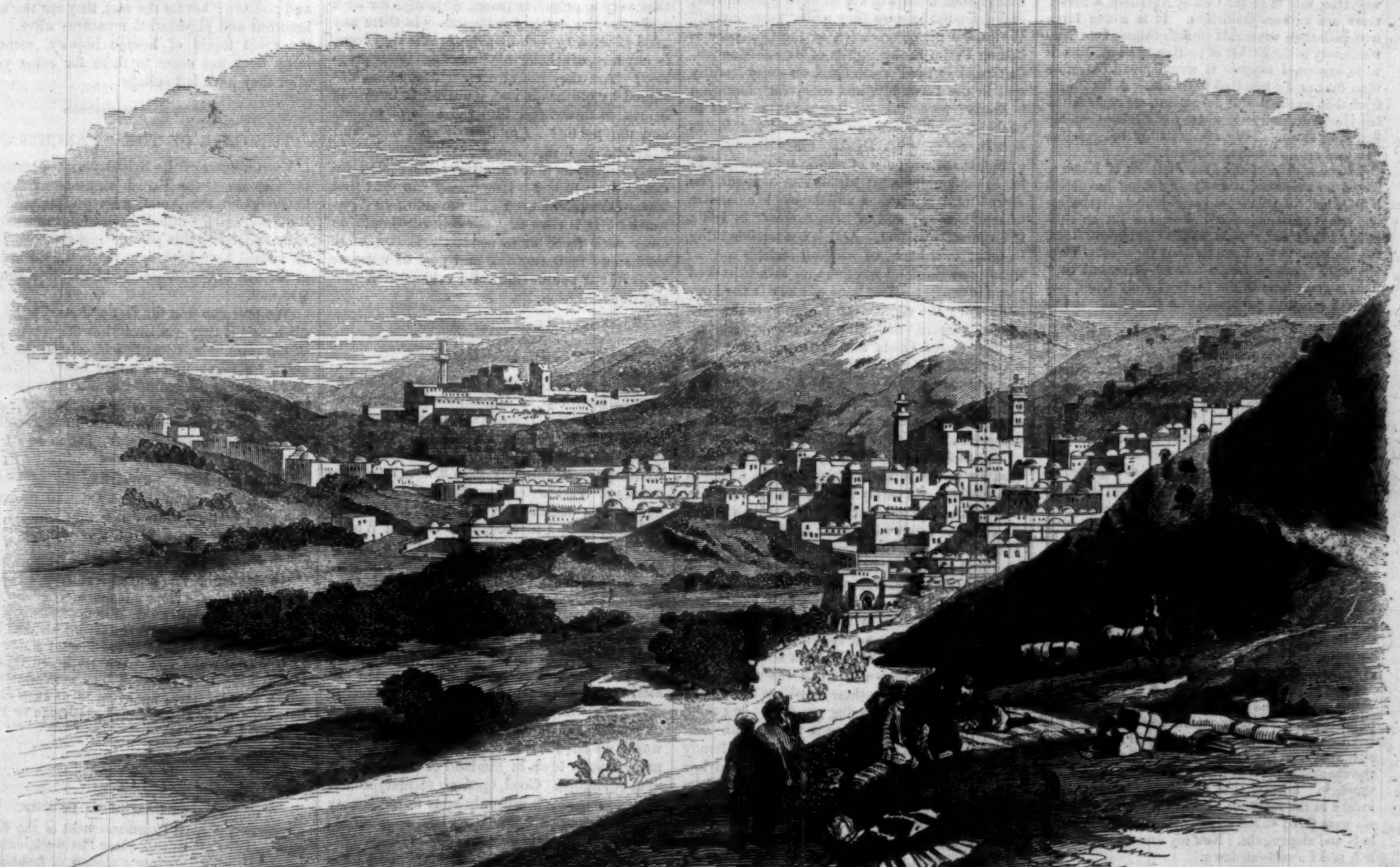
The Mosque of Machpelah, a Mohammedan building, is jealously closed against Christians and Jews. Rumor has it that last year three American gentlemen and a lady succeeded in effecting a partial entrance, but before they had accomplished their object the citizens of the town assembled and surrounded the mosque with hideous shouts, bringing out the travelers, the gentlemen with revolvers in their hands, and that they escaped with their lives only by exhibiting their weapons, and evincing a willingness to use them.

The Cave of Machpelah is one of those places around which the most interesting of all associations linger. No race of civilized men exists to whom the burial-place of the patriarchs has not more or less interest. Nor can there be any reasonable doubt that this spot is well located now.

That there is a cave under this great mosque on the hillside in Hebron can not be doubted. It is a large, dark cavern, described more or less minutely by two or three travelers who profess to have seen it. My own Arabs, who go in and out of the mosque freely, speak of it as a vast cavern, into which no one is allowed to enter, and they know nothing of its contents. As usual in Moslem countries, there are a dozen small tumular structures, like rude graves, or something of the sort, in the open court of the mosque, but nothing more. These are named for the various patriarchs and their wives, who "rest in peace."

Hebron is a scattered city, in a long, and somewhat winding, but very fertile valley. In the lower part of the town are two ancient pools, doubtless the same spoken of in the Bible, over one of which David hung the murderers of Saul's son.

In the city there are three or four glass-making establishments, but on a small scale, affording employment to not more than ten or twenty hands in



HEBRON.

each. Most of the hands are employed in the fertile fields of the Valley of Eschol, whose vineyards are as rich and grand as of old. The streets are narrow, dark, and very filthy. The great mosque stands on the edge of the lower part of the city, nearly surrounded by houses.

The locality of Hebron has, of course, never been lost; and the Cave of Machpelah can not be mistaken.

John Steenburger was as unfortunate as usual in getting into trouble here. He has a most remarkable facility for scrapes, and this was the way in which it occurred:

He left the tents toward sunset, and wandered into the town. There are some parts of every city on earth into which if a stranger goes he will be likely to fall into trouble. But Hebron is all alike in this respect. Still John's ignorance of Arabic was his protection in this, as in former instances; and when Houssein rushed out of the gateway by the upper pool, and across to me, shouting "Howajji Yehyeh!" I ran as fast as possible into the city, and found him in a corner.

Literally in a corner. About thirty of the rascally Hebronites had surrounded him, and he had taken refuge in the sharp angle of two houses, where he stood at bay. It was a pretty sight altogether, and the temptation to have a fight out-and-out was almost irresistible. When I came on the scene he had his revolver up, and was covering a fellow that held a stone in his hand, ready to throw. His eye flashed an instant as he caught sight of me, but he did not lose his aim.

"I say, Peter, shout to that yellow-skinned devil that if he don't drop that stone in three seconds I'll drop him!"

The successor of Ishmael had not appreciated the danger of his position till I explained it, and then he and the stone fell together. He was utterly astounded at the danger he had escaped, and the more so when I gave them a little specimen of the man they had to deal with. I assured them that John Steenburger carried in his hands and pockets the lives of half Hebron, and I had the other half in mine.

"Show them a little sharp-shooting, John!" and I borrowed a dirty tarbouche from the head of a boy, and tossed it into the air. Crack went the pistol. "Mashallah!" said a dozen voices, as the cap fell with two holes in it. I gave it back to the boy, and some copper to mend the holes with, while the crowd parted and allowed my friend to walk out in peace.

"How did it happen, John?"

"How the deuce should I know? These dogs don't understand my lingo, and I don't know theirs, and mistakes are natural. I was coming down street, and I lost my way; hailed an old fellow with a beard and turban, and when he went by me without answering, I overhauled him. He yelled, thought I was Satan come too soon, I suppose, and then you saw me."

If any reader hereof expects to visit Moslem lands, let me beg of him, if he values his peace of mind and sanity of body, not to take for companion a young, free-and-easy six-foot-six Kentuckian, who rather prefers a shindy to a peaceable day. John Steenburger will be the death of me before we finish this tour of Holy Land.

A mile or so up the valley from Hebron is a vast tree, said to be the Oak of Abraham, whereof there are various traditions. It is a fine large terebinth-tree, venerable enough to pass for a contemporary of the Father of patriarchs; but, if truth were known, I suppose it would prove not more than four or six hundred years old. A little way from this, on the road to Jerusalem, are ruins called the House of Abraham, where the Moslems say his dwelling stood. They are probably the remains of a mediæval church or convent.

I have spoken of the glass-factories of Hebron. These manufacture scarcely any thing but small bottles and rude glass beads and bracelets—the latter, being made of colored glass, are put on children's wrists, and remain, as the child grows older, till the hand is too large to draw them off. They are mere bands of coarse-colored glass, but they form a great item in the trade of Holy Land, and passing caravans circulate them from Cairo to Damascus.

As evening came down on this old valley, so soon as I had rescued my friend, we took our seat in our tent-door, imitating the father of Isaac, and waited for angels. With the starlight they came, the angels of peace and joy—delicious memories of home.

One by one the grand events in the history of that valley of Mamre passed before us. The scenery of Abraham's life, his purchase of a grave, his death and kingly burial, the life of Isaac, the strife of Jacob and Esau, the burial of their father, the royal pageant that came up from Egypt to bury Jacob; then scenes in the life of David when he held court in Hebron, and then—even as we sat together and talked, while the stars shone on us, and a moonlight that Leah might have loved silvered the minaret above her tomb, we grew silent and heard—I heard—the lapse along its banks of the far Ohio, and the voice of one beloved, and wrapping my cloak around me, and falling back on my camp-bed, I slept calm, deep, and blessed sleep.

Once in the night I awoke. A low murmur of voices outside the tent had disturbed my visions of far lands. The door curtain was raised as I had left it, and I could see Houssein and his followers sitting around the camp-fire, their eyes flashing in the changeful light as they watched the dark hours through. I knew that he would not sleep till I awoke in the morning, and so I lay back, and with my eyes fixed on the strange group, lost consciousness and slept again. Now my dreams were troubled, and I awoke at dawn.

As the sun rose I walked out on the hill back of the Quarantine Station, and breathed the fresh south air that came up from the desert. Houssein followed me, and begged me to go down to Wady Mousa and the Rock City. It is but four or five days' gallop from Hebron, and we could do it easily, he said, and his people would rejoice to welcome us among the Alaween. The temptation was great. I had been in Petra once; but as I think it possible I may return next fall to Holy Land, and go back to Cairo by the desert, I decided for the present to postpone a second visit to the valley of Moses.

A messenger from Jerusalem arrived last night, but did not find us till this morning. Miss Warren is very ill, and her father begs us to hasten our return to the Holy City. It is impossible to start this morning, for Steenburger is missing, having gone off on horseback to a hill three hours distant, and I am waiting impatiently his arrival.

Lo here, in the morning, on the plains of Mamre, I have added this letter to the pile in my folio, waiting to be forwarded to you.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 18, 1857.

THE OUTBREAK IN INDIA.

Yes, God is just, and His judgments can not be evaded. The long career of successful filibusterism and splendid oppression which the British have run in India now bids fair to be brought to a sudden and a bloody end. The tool has turned upon the workman; the Sepoys—the poor, wretched creatures trained in self-contempt to be instruments of their country's abasement—have risen in a sort of half-conscious manhood, and wreaked upon the oppressor a small portion of their vengeance. The great city of Delhi has been deluged in European blood; like all oppressed races, the Indians have recovered, with their independence, their native ferocity and blood-thirstiness. It was amidst the cries of slaughtered women and children that the last descendant of the ancient monarchs of Delhi was dragged from his sumptuous dungeon to be placed upon a throne. Nor is the outbreak merely local. The Santhals—a heroic, hardy, and industrious race—are in their normal state—armed insurrection; at the joyful news that Delhi had fallen, the Sikhs rose, once more, in their old, bold way; the Afghans are only waiting their opportunity to repeat the blow of 1845; several Sepoy regiments in various quarters are reported to be unreliable; the Chinese of the Malguyan Straits are in arms, and even Birmah shows some feeble sign of resisting annihilation. North, east, south, and west, the prospect is the same—war; war against that terrible British power which has been the robber and the butcher of India. And this, be it remembered, we can say on the strength of the public advices which have reached us through the newspapers; were the whole truth known, and the company's officers permitted to speak, the prospect would doubtless be far more appalling.

With what a bitter mockery one might reperuse to-day that graceful article from the London *Times*, in which the robbery of Labuan, and the more recent seizure of Perim were glossed over, and defended because they were "convenient!" While the grasping clutch of the Company is laid on Perim in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, on Ormuz in the Persian Gulf, on every healthy spot in the Irawaddy, and every fat plantation in Oude; while the gun-boats are *en route* to effect more robberies in China, and Sir James Brooke musters his Dyaks—other Sepoys—to complete the conquest of whatever is worth taking in the archipelago; at this very moment, the Avenging Angel strikes, and the whole existence of the Company and of British power in India is desperately periled. Ah! it is a terrible thing to boast overmuch, to triumph so long and so steadily as England has done for these hundred years in India! The hour of glory is the hour of danger; the victories of Trajan were the ruin of the Empire, the unbounded prosperity of France under Louis the Sixteenth the proximate cause of the Revolution. They are building statues to Clive in England: better wait and see whether, for the first time in history, any good thing can come out of his infamous conquests.

No, there is no such thing—and let us thank God for it—as permanently-successful wrong in this world. As surely as that spring must follow winter, the enormities of the British in India must be followed by their righteous penalty. We are told that the present outbreak was precipitated by indiscreet efforts of emissaries of Exeter Hall to interfere with the religious scruples of the Hindoos; and such folly would certainly be consistent in the advocates of servile insurrections among our Southern people. We are further told that the English authorities are confident that they will quell the revolt, and punish the Hindoos—their excellent friend, the Emperor Napoleon, having graciously lent them fourteen ship-loads of troops to carry on their other war—in China; that troops are already being concentrated round Delhi, martial law proclaimed, and the whole resources of India laid under contribution to overwhelm the enemy. And all this may be so. But there is one truth which can not be disputed—for it is a divine truth, whose foundation lies in the justice and righteousness of Providence—and that truth is, that for the wrongs, and the mischiefs, and the infamies which the British have committed during the last century in India, they must some day be called to an awful account.

OUT EARLY.

This is the season of college emancipation, when thousands of lads throughout the country, having passed, more or less easily, through a curriculum of four years of supposed study, take their final farewell of *Alma Mater*. Stepping upon a stage flanked by learned dignitaries, and facing "a large and fashionable audience," the youth make their bows, pour out, in a trickling strain of juvenile eloquence, the profundities of youthful wisdom upon "The Rise and Fall of Nations," or upon some other subject equally within the comprehensive grasp of boyhood, amidst the acclamations of fond parents and the bouquets of admiring school-girls, receive their Latin diplomas, and are sent, with a God-speed! into the world.

We need hardly say that our college youth, under the prevailing system of loose discipline and meagre education, leave the college-walls with heads fuller of self-conceit than learning, and go abroad with a confidence that is felt more by themselves than by others. We know of no means better adapted to destroy them for all practical usefulness than many of our colleges, which, while they fail to supply the solid acquirement, do so much to inflate youthful inexperience with vanity and a giddy independence.

College education begins too soon and ends too soon with us. The more strict personal supervision of the school should not, as it often is, be laid aside for the freer collegiate life just as a youth enters his teens. With the name of college there is unfortunately associated an idea of independence. The school-boy who but yesterday submitted obediently, however painfully, to the ferule of the master, will to-day, as a college-student, resist like a young rebel the mildest discipline. Our colleges are filled with those who are boys in years and conduct, while they are as free of control as men. They are not capable of self-government, and won't be governed by others. Let us get rid at once of the name, if we can not have the thing, and call a college a school as long as it is a place for boys, that they may be treated as boys, and disciplined accordingly.

We are glad to learn that there is some hope, in the proposed prolongation, by Columbia College, in this city, of the curriculum of study from four to six years, of a more thorough system of collegiate education. We shall expect, at future Commencements, to behold, if not a more precocious development of unabashed eloquence before "a large and fashionable audience," some evidence of mature acquirement, though it be, as it generally is, accompanied by the modesty of wisdom.

We can conceive of nothing more absurd, and nothing more likely to spoil youthful promise, than these annual Commencements, where a number of boys are brought forward by a whole faculty of grave professors to play their parts in that very appropriate place, certainly, for such a sham—the stage of a theatre. Is there any good effected by such displays? Are they tests, in any way, of scholarship and of academic progress? Are they not altogether deceptions, designed by old heads and connived at by young hearts, to throw dust into the eyes of parents and the public? Are these young men well educated, well disciplined for life, and such in every respect as that flaunting Latin record declares them to be? How many can read that learned document, even with the aid of an Ainsworth? It is time that our colleges should do away with these mere academic shows, these shams and their vanities, and give us what we want in our youth—the solid evidences of substantial education.

PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

We have lately given illustrations of two important additions to our national collection of monuments—the Warren statue, lately erected on the field of Bunker Hill, and the Clay column, which is about being raised at Lexington, Kentucky. Within the past few months two statues of Washington have been erected in this metropolis; and the city is shortly to be further embellished by a monument to General Worth. In Massachusetts they are planning a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, which will bear the same relation to other monuments that the pyramids of Egypt bear to rural cottages. Norfolk and Richmond, Virginia, are talking of new monuments; and orders from cities in the West have been sent to Italy for "more marbles."

These are very agreeable signs to note. In artistic embellishments our cities are miserably deficient: while our houses cost twice as much as similar residences in any other part of the world, we have less to show for our money than many a petty town in England or on the continent of Europe. Good, open-air statuary should be encouraged; it not only adds to the beauty of a square or park, but exercises no small influence on the æsthetic education of the people.

There is no lack of subjects. New York owes Mr. Marcy a statue; Massachusetts owes it to herself to commemorate Daniel Webster worthily in marble; Michigan might solicit a fine statue of General Cass from the veteran himself, who is too patriotic and too wealthy to refuse such a request. A statue of General Scott would add greatly to the beauty of some of our up-town squares. Mr. William B. Astor would be worthily honoring his father's memory were he to add his statue to the architectural ornaments of the square which bears his name. The list might be indefinitely extended.

No country can boast of better subjects for the sculptor; no country could afford to pay him better; no country employs him less than the United States.

THE CROPS.

From all that we can learn, wheat is generally looking well, and promises something over an average crop. Corn is late, very late; but a few days of good hot weather will enable it to make up leeway. The fine, clear days we have been enjoying for a week or more have enabled the farmers to house their hay nicely. Altogether, thus far, the promise is fair; if we have no drought in the latter part of July and August, we shall do well.

Never was a good crop more sorely needed. The West is more in debt than it has ever been; all its means are invested in works which are certain to yield a hundred-fold in course of time, but which at present are unproductive. The whole country—partly on the strength of last year's prudence, partly from a consciousness of real wealth, and partly in consequence of the new tariff—has been buying more largely than ever from abroad: without a good crop, some of these purchases will embarrass us a good deal. But with a fine crop, and with the increased immigration, the year will be one of the most prosperous and beneficial in our history.

MR. DALLAS INSULTED IN ENGLAND.

We notice that Mr. Dallas was hooted by the undergraduates of Oxford, England, on the occasion of the annual commemoration day at the University. The reason assigned is his connection with a slaveholding country.

We have no desire to indulge in much comment on this singular occurrence; but two points should be noticed, *en passant*. Commemoration day at Oxford—when degrees are granted—is a recognized day of license, when the students indulge in any saturnalia they please.

No greater mistake could be made than to regard these young men as representatives of Young England, or of any part of the English people except their own set. They represent the ideas and opinions of the aristocracy before those ideas and opinions have been modified and rationalized by intercourse with the world. They are fine fellows in some respects: they can read Greek and Latin, and box, and row, and drive, and dance, and talk, as a general rule, better than our young men of a like age and position; but for the rest, they are the most ignorant and pig-headed creatures alive. On the great topics of human inquiry, common sense does not come to them for some years after they have left college.

THE CASE OF THE "PANCHITA."

Two officers of the British Navy, directed by the Captain of the British man-of-war *Sappho* to surrender the American vessel *Panchita* to the Government of the United States as a slaver, have arrived at this port during the week, and on arrival have been arrested and held to bail, at the suit of the *Panchita's* owner, in a sum of $15,000.

We presume that the fact will startle the English, and if they can show that the commander of the *Sappho* was justified in seizing the *Panchita*, we fancy that a pretty heavy claim for damages may be brought against this Government. The case will turn on the agreement between the two governments in reference to the way the search for slavers is to be carried on.

While the English are fêting the officers of our *Niagara*, it will seem a singular return on our part to thrust their innocent officers into jail.

☞ We regret that a paragraph from a country paper should have crept into our news of last week intimating that General Webb, of this city, had served a term in the penitentiary for his duel with Mr. Marshall. Most of our readers know that such was not the fact. We are sorry that we should have been betrayed into a misstatement which is much more annoying to us than it can have been to the distinguished gentleman to whom it referred.

CHAT.

OUR FEMALE GRADUATES IN ARTS.

The first Annual Commencement of the Belleville Ladies' College took place last week, and was attended by an immense audience of fashionable gentlemen, of whom the larger proportion was evidently composed of bachelors. Shortly before three o'clock the Presidentess, Trustees, and Faculty—after an early refreshment of tea, buttered toast, and sponge-cake—entered the Apollo Rooms in procession, and took their seats upon the stage.

The learned Faculty were dressed in the usual academic uniform of black silk, white turbans with ostrich feathers, blue stockings, and green spectacles. The students were arranged in front, and, though few in number, filled up, with their new crinolines, a large space. It was observed that each of the young ladies was provided with a fan and two smelling-bottles, in case of the possible emergency of a fainting fit, from the excitement of the occasion and the effect of the presence of a large crowd of bachelor spectators. In spite of the presence of a full police force of old maids, specially detailed for the occasion (in consequence of their well-known rigidity of discipline and severity of countenance), there was such a rustling of hoops, and general looseness of tongue among the students, that it was quite impossible to hear a word of the opening prayer.

This being over, the Exercises commenced.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. ENGLISH SALUTATORY, *by Miss Ophelia Ardent.*

This young lady was evidently familiar with her subject, and gave the concluding kisses with a warmth of manner and a distinctness of smack that argue well for her success in life.

MUSIC—"*The man I left behind me.*"

(Miss Ardent was complimented by a shower of bouquets.)

2. MAN, *by Miss Becky Sharpe.*

This was a pungent attack upon the male sex, delivered in a very distinct tone. Miss Sharpe has evidently a genius for satire. She can hold her own, undoubtedly, and goes into the world with a sure protection against that sworn enemy of all unprotected maidens—man. Such a precocious development of the powers of invective gives great promise for the future. Though this young graduate will evidently increase in acuteness in the course of time, we are sure she will never belie her name, but always remain *Miss* Sharpe.

MUSIC—"*No rose without a thorn.*"

(Miss Sharpe was evidently a favorite with the Faculty, and received a smile of applause from the Presidentess; but not a single bouquet, we are sorry to say, from the audience.)

3. THE PROGRESS OF CRINOLINE, *by Miss Celestine La Mode.*

This young lady was her own best illustration, and spread out a breadth of crinoline that evidently took the audience by surprise, and could not fail to convince them of the great progress of hoops, which was the purpose of Miss La Mode's eloquent oration. Her action was singularly expressive, and proved, as it displayed her subject in all its expansiveness, how fully she had prepared herself for the occasion. Miss La Mode promises, if we are not mistaken, to fill a large space in the world's eye.

MUSIC—"*See the conquering hero comes!*"

(Miss La Mode was repeatedly applauded by her fellow-students, but we were pained to hear some very ungallant hisses from various persons among the audience, who were undoubtedly only some wretchedly-poor and disappointed bachelors.)

4. DECLINE OF COOKERY, *by Miss Prudence Turnspit.*

This was a sensible, well-written essay upon the prevailing contempt of young ladies for the kitchen, and the consequent decline of cookery. Miss Turnspit's remarks upon the influence of fashion on the domestic character were particularly pertinent to the present day. Crinoline came in for its share of denunciation. "I would warn you," she eloquently said, "my dear sisters, against hoops! How can you cook with hoops? How can you roast, boil, or fry with hoops? How is it possible to do any thing with hoops but stand still—good for nothing—with your heart restlessly agitated with fruitless aspirations, and you yourselves, in your great stiff frames of whalebone and steel, as uneasy and useless as a mouse in a trap?"

MUSIC—"*Molly put the kettle on!*"

(Miss Turnspit, from the impression she evidently produced upon the audience, particularly among the bachelor portion, is not destined, we are sure, to remain Miss Turnspit long. She was loudly applauded, and overwhelmed with bouquets by the gentlemen; but some cries of "*Shame! shame!*" were heard, we are sorry to say, from the ladies, who were apparently under a state of great excitement.)

5. THE HUSBAND, *by Miss Mehitabel Caudle.*

This was handled with great ability. Miss Caudle had evidently devoted all her energies to this interesting subject. She began with stating that the great object in life with all young ladies was matrimony. The question, however, she said, which she proposed for consideration was not, how to get a husband, but how to manage one when got. ["Hear, hear," from the bachelors; with cries of "Wait until *you* get one!"] She would be pardoned, she hoped, the digression, when she indulged for a few moments in discriminating between the conduct to be pursued before and after marriage. *Before*, it should be recollected that the object was to catch; and *after*, to keep. A certain tenderness might be necessary in the first instance, but in the second, she held that nothing was so essential as a rigid severity. Having first whistled the bird into the domestic cage, you must then, she continued, clip his wings, and tame his soaring spirit. She thought cold mutton for three days, and hash the rest of the week, no cigars, not a drop of brandy-and-water, no night-key, and a short allowance of sleep, the best means to be pursued for bringing a husband under a proper conjugal subjection. A wife, she added, should always be mistress of her own house, and it was her own fault if she were not. She did not believe in love after marriage! It might do very well in courtship; but once in possession, a woman should strive for respect, and that could only be obtained by a diminution of spirit on the part of the husband, and an increase on the part of the wife. She warned [illegible] fellow-students against being frightened away from the only true line of conduct by any sneers about hen-pecking.

(Our reporter left at this stage of the proceedings, as he found, on looking at his watch, that his dinner-hour was approaching; and Miss Caudle had so vividly reminded him, by her eloquence, of the severity of conjugal discipline, that he became at once conscious of the necessity of punctuality.)

We have learned subsequently that, in the distribution of the prizes, Miss Caudle carried off the dozen pair of blue stockings, the highest award for female eloquence; Miss Sharpe the second prize, consisting of a pair of high boots, a riding-whip, and a pair of buckskin gloves; and Miss La Mode the third, a copy of French fashion plates; while Miss Prudence Turnspit, Miss Ophelia Ardent, and the other graduates, were obliged to content themselves with the applause and bouquets of the audience.

It is understood that the trustees of the Belleville Ladies' College have in contemplation to establish fellowships, or maidenships, that those young women who may have distinguished themselves during their collegiate course, and shown a peculiar aptitude for learning, may devote themselves perpetually to study. Single ladies will, of course, only be eligible to these maidenships; and that they may never be under the necessity of marrying, they are to be allowed sufficient from the funds of the institution to keep them in tea and toast, and the other necessaries of life. No coquetry with the other sex will be permitted on any conditions; and in order to secure this regulation, particular regard will be had to the looks of candidates, that no beauties may be received. Miss Caudle and Miss Sharpe are said to head the list for the proposed maidenships.

THE ABANDONED BABES.

There is a great stone building in Paris which draws always a large number of visitors by the most powerful of all attractions—the attraction of horror. Many a gentle American mother will remember how, in the midst of the enjoyment of travel, while turning over the pages of *Galignani*, her eye has caught with eager interest the description of the *Hospice des Enfans Trouvés*—the Foundling Hospital. As she has read, she has felt an irresistible desire, which her own consciousness hardly dared to acknowledge, of visiting that melancholy monument of maternal cruelty. She has carried out her purpose, and has looked, with tears dropping from her eyes and with a stifled heart, upon those great walls of stone which unnatural mothers, more cruel than death itself, have built up as an eternal separation between themselves and their living babes. The little ones may sob and cry in want and suffering, and stretch out their tender hands in instinctive expression of natural affection; but nature pleads in vain—there is no maternal breast to succor, and no maternal heart upon which to soothe the infant sufferer to quiet and happiness.

The visitor may command her natural burst of emotion sufficiently, perhaps, to see and understand the devilish mechanism (a compromise between crime and law) of the *tour*, or box, in which the child is placed, and which, with the ring of a bell, is spun away forever from the eyes of its mother, who passes on, self-excused by the connivance of justice, in the cold forgetfulness of hardened vice. The traveler enters the great hospital, and may admire, perhaps, the system planned by the most skillful art and administered by the kindest benevolence; but as she looks upon the hundreds of wailing infants, and sees the useless endeavors of the self-possessed surgeons and of the pious Sisters of Charity to relieve them, her maternal sympathy asks: "*Oh! where are their mothers?*"

"But this, thank Heaven, is not our own country!" you may exclaim, triumphantly. But stop your flattering self-congratulations a while and read:

> Councilman Haswell moved that a Select Committee be appointed to consider and report their views upon the propriety of the construction of a Foundling Hospital.—New York *Daily Times*, July 2, 1857.

We have nothing just now to say about the propriety or necessity of Foundling Hospitals; but we merely note the fact that New York, while rivaling London and Paris in wealth and importance, would seem likely to equal them in metropolitan vice. Has the abandonment by mothers of their infants become so fixed a law of our social existence that institutions must be founded to meet its demands? Must maternal cruelty offer up an annual sacrifice, and be recognized as a perpetuity, with no hope for the future but a lasting compromise? Must we build Foundling Hospitals, those perpetual monuments of unnatural crime and tombs of its victims? If our civilization has no higher hopes, we have reason to diminish our proud boastings, and confess that the problem of social evil is no nearer a solution here than in Europe.

THE TIGER CUBS.

Who are those who have been tearing and rending the city with riot and slaughter? You would suppose that they were full-grown monsters of mighty muscle and of savage wills, hardened and strengthened by a long exercise of outrage and cruelty. You think them, no doubt, old tigers whose thirst has grown hot with frequent draughts of warm blood. No! they are mere cubs, who have been coming out from their hidden lairs, howling and springing upon the throats of the people, and lapping their young tongues in blood with a ferocity of instinct that establishes their tiger natures beyond a question.

Count the ages of those who have been known to be the most prominent in the late riots, and you will find that for the most part they are lads within their teens. What is to be done with such young savages? Is the safety of the city to be always at the mercy of these youthful vagabonds while they are preparing themselves, by daily riot and violence, for the gallows? Read the testimony of their parents, and nothing can be more sad than their confessed ignorance of the habits and daily resorts of their sons, and learn how little reliance is to be placed on parental control. To the coarse, uneducated nature of these boys there appears to be something grand, approaching the sublime, in the confusion and violence of riot! Suppose, then, we establish for every offense by the young against the public order and peace the penalty of whipping, that the idea of a degrading punishment may be attached to those acts of disorder which now inflame, from their fancied grandeur, the ambition, and excite the passions of the ignorant city youth. Philanthropy will do a great deal, it is hoped, with its schools and its churches, for the future; but, in the mean time, let us whip the Satan out of these young devils, that our lives and property may be safe from their ferocity.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

TO SAHARA.

"WHAT am I to do on the Fourth of July?" was my despairing ejaculation on the third. I confess that this self-put question puzzled me. While entertaining the greatest respect for the anniversary of our independence, I have none at all for the way in which it is celebrated. I am averse to noise. My clock does not tick. My boots never creak. I shudder at the slamming of a door. The Orient would suit me perfectly. Slaves that came and went like shadows. Cool, shadowy chambers, with the faint murmur of fountains that made the silence, so to speak, still more appreciable. No bells tintinnabulating all over the house. The grave visits of friendly Mussulmans, when the narghilleh was smoked in silence, and half an hour elapsed between question and reply. The divine institution of the bow-string saving all necessity of altercations with refractory menials, settling disputes without a sound, and reducing the task of political or domestic government to the simplest and most easily practiced forms. Alas! why was I not born in Bagdad or Damascus?

With these aspirations after peace, it is not to be wondered at that I looked forward with terror to the great and glorious festival of Chinese crackers and rusty muskets. At first I thought I would follow the example of Ulysses—though for a contrary reason—and stop my ears with wax; but on thinking the matter over I reflected that the weather being very warm, the wax would inevitably liquefy and defeat my objects. I then thought of advertising for some place where the use of gunpowder was unknown. But it was too late, and before I could have a reply the Fourth would be among the things that were. As for the country in general, it was as bad as the city; worse, indeed, because the noise seems more out of place there, in the usually quiet fields, than in the turbulent streets of the town. Where to go?

After some hours of restless cogitation, I recollected, with a suffocating sense of joy as the remembrance flashed upon me, that there was a place called Sahara, where I would be almost certain to escape the sulphurous rejoicings of the rest of the nation, and without further delay I rushed off to find my friend young Telemachus, and arranged with him to take the boat for Sahara at eight o'clock A.M. on the morning of the Fourth.

A STIRRING PLACE.

Sahara is situated on the narrow tongue of land which divides the Bay of New York on the lower side from the Atlantic Ocean. I regret that I can not state its exact population; but as the place consists only of the Sahara House and a wooden jetty, the reader may perhaps arrive at some conclusion regarding the number of its inhabitants. The steamer stops at the jetty, and the passengers stop at the House.

My first impression of Sahara, as soon as Telemachus and myself had landed from the steamer, was that it was, naturally enough, all sand. Every thing in the place had a siliceous aspect. The Hotel stood on a sand-bank. There was sand in the sugar that we had for tea. The bar-keeper was sandy-haired, and the nigger waiter's name was Alexander. They gave me sand-paper to write upon, and we had sandwiches at breakfast. It is still a matter of wonder to me that the inhabitants did not wear sandals.

The Sahara House is an entirely exceptional hotel. It is a place of entertainment that should be kept by Rip Van Winkle. It has a forgotten aspect, and the people of the house look as if they had no memories. The proprietor receives you dreamily. An apathetic servant shows you to a dusky, slumberous looking room. Immense spiders tapestry the walls with their webs. A gong that seems sounding in its sleep faintly mutters the signal for meals. A general air of drowsiness pervades the entire place. Several boats, that seem never to be used, sleep at their moorings, and there is a large white dog who goes to sleep standing.

As soon as we arrived, Telemachus, who had been to the place before, and who is insane on the subject of fishing, communicated to me the important fact that there was a wonderful ancient mariner at Sahara, whose skill in the piscatorial art was something marvelous. He proposed, accordingly, to seek this individual—with whom he had some previous acquaintance—and induce him to accompany us without delay on a fishing excursion. As I pride myself particularly on being a dexterous and successful fisherman, I made no objection. So Telemachus went in search of the mariner. When he returned with that personage I confess I was rather disappointed. He did not look at all like a mariner, but rather like a man who had grown old in opening oysters behind a bar. He had but a second-hand salt-water look. Still, however, his nose was highly colored, and he wore a striped jersey, so I thought that, after all, he may prove salter than he looked. I proceeded immediately to enter into conversation with him.

MYSELF (*blandly*). "Tolerably good day for fishing if the breeze doesn't fall."

ANCIENT MARINER (*squinting violently*). "It's kind o' dull surely. But I've seen 'em come up on the beach in thousands when the blue-fish was outside of 'em."

MYSELF (*staring*). "Seen them? You mean fish, I suppose."

ANCIENT MARINER. "Yes. Moss-bunkers, and them kind, come up on the beach in thousands, and the blue-fish was a teasin' of 'em, though now, as the wind is from the east'ard, there won't be so much calk'lating, for the boss says he don't knows as how he can spare her for more than two hours, though I've seen 'em in thousands on the beach when the blue-fish was outside."

TELEMACHUS (*seeing my distress of mind, translates with much fluency*). "He means to say that Captain Hasheesh, the proprietor of the hotel, can't let us have a boat for any length of time."

MYSELF (*suddenly illuminated*). "Oh! that's it, is it? (*To mariner.*) Can't we hire a boat any where else?"

ANCIENT MARINER (*arousing himself*). "You see, boats is scarce, because they'd interfere with the boss's business if he was to keep 'em, and they wouldn't bring no more people to his house, but go down the bay; though all's fair in the way of trade; and many's the time that I've seen 'em in thousands a comin' up on the beach when the blue-fish was outside." (*Mariner, as if exhausted, shuts his left eye, and goes to sleep on that side of his body.*)

As it was utterly hopeless to comprehend this last speech—I saw that Telemachus himself gave up the task in despair—I moved away slowly, leaving the Ancient Mariner still dozing, and delivered myself fairly up to the sleepy influence of the place. I sat on the jetty and pitched pebbles into the sea. I sat on the piazza, with my body at the American angle, smoking cigars with closed eyes. I watched the fish-hawks rising in spirals above the school of fish, then darting down with a sudden plunge—disappearing for an instant, to rise again with something shining wriggling in their hooked talons. I looked along the arid waste of sand that stretched, tongue-like, between bay and ocean, dotted at regular intervals with the white, spectral telegraph-poles, while the silent, whispering wire drooped laxly between.

Then Telemachus, restless young Yankee that he is—I really believe that if he had been in the service of the beautiful princess who was kissed into wide-awakedness by the prince, he would have been the only one of that entranced Court on whom the spell would have had no influence—Telemachus, I say, came and dragged me off to play at billiards on the crazy old table that was kept in the Sahara House. But the spirit of the Lotos was over all. My ball used to fall asleep before it had half completed the intended carrom, and all the balls used to hide themselves, on every possible occasion, in the pockets, as if they hoped to be forgotten there, and be allowed to rest in peace. Telemachus won the game, which put him into excellent humor; and we went thereupon to the bar, and had two mint-juleps that tasted like laudanum.

There was one feature alone that broke the lethargy of that enchanted hotel. The landlord's son, a bright-haired boy of sixteen, who flashed like a sunbeam through that dozy old edifice. He had a pretty little boat, in which he pulled about opposite the house, apparently proud of the skill with which he managed his oars. On shore he was in incessant motion—jumping over the fences, playing with the sleepy old dog, or shrilly whistling to his pigeons, of which he had a number, as they circled around him far up in the sky. He was so handsome, so vivacious, so manly in all his actions, that it was a relief to see him dashing about through that dead place—the one element which prevented its perfect stagnation.

The day passed in peace. That awful Saturday. And it was some pleasure to me to think, as I was retiring to bed, that while New York was hot with Roman candles, and vociferous with crackers, no light illuminated Sahara but the light of the large summer stars, and no sound was to be heard save the dull, monotonous thunder of the surf that beats forever on the beach beyond.

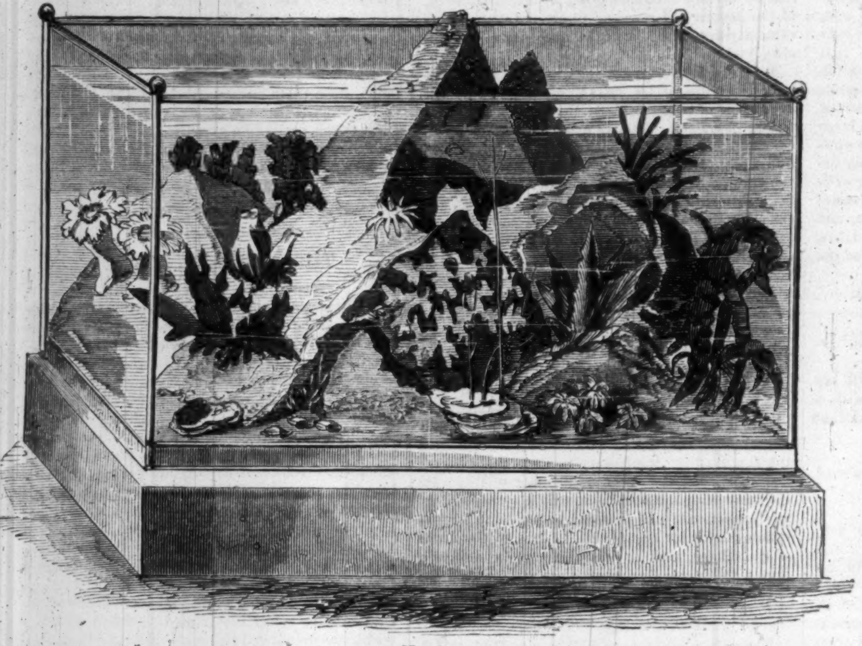
A TRAGEDY.

Up early the next morning, and Telemachus and self, towel in hand, proceeded beachward to take a bath. As we proceeded along the sort of rustic-covered way that leads to the bathing houses, I heard a faint wailing sound, and to my astonishment beheld several people moving restlessly on the crest of sand, beyond which the beach slopes to the sea. I hastened forward, and on topping the crest, saw a group of about a dozen persons standing silently around something that lay upon the sand. My heart sank as if with some undefinable presentiment. I pushed the people on one side, and found myself looking at the corpse of the landlord's son. His long chestnut hair was wet and dabbled with the sand. His thin linen trowsers clung closely to those once agile limbs that would never leap again. His face was pale but not distorted, but through the half-open lips I could see the white teeth firmly set, as they were in the last struggle with death. In one hand was clasped a strip of sea-weed—something that the poor boy in his last agony had grasped at in the delirious hope of succor. No one spoke. I could not; my heart was too full. We stood round the corpse in silence, while the salt-water oozed from his hair and filtered slowly through the sand. I learned afterward that the poor fellow had gone alone to take a bath, been caught in the undertow, and drowned.

While we were petrified, as it were, with grief, a heavy step cranched on the sand behind us, and the giant form of Captain Hasheesh strode into our midst. He was very pale, and did not speak to, or look at any of us. He stood over his son's corpse for a few seconds, then, stooping down, took the boy in his arms and strode toward the house. He scowled savagely at us as he went along. He seemed to fear that we would snatch his sad burden from him.

I did not intrude upon him after that. Such sorrow as his was sacred. Telemachus and I, in no merry frame of mind, took the next boat for New York, and all the way up I mused upon the old theme of death.

DRAWING-ROOM FISH-PONDS.



No. 1.

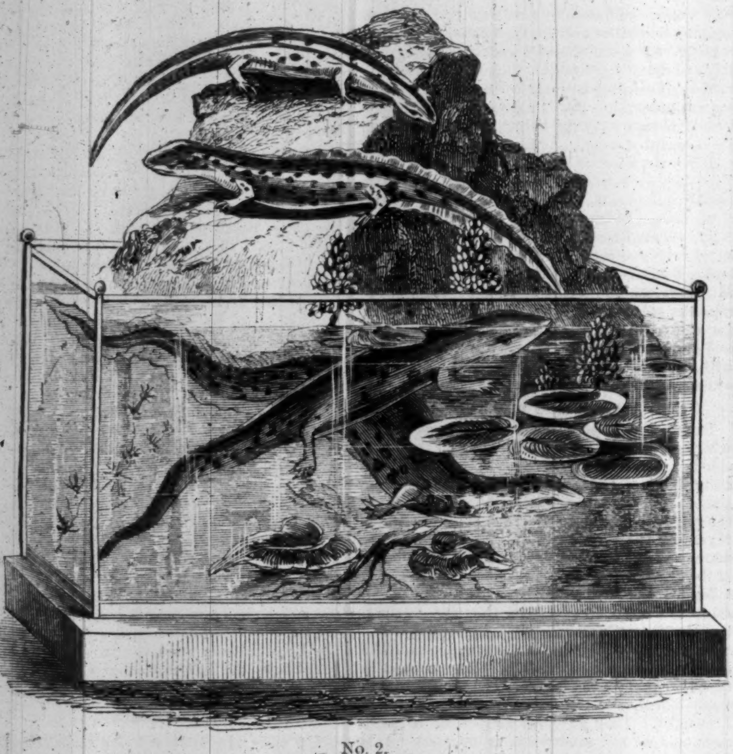
Decidedly the prettiest drawing-room ornament that has been invented of late years is the *Aquarium* or ornamental fish-pond. This is usually a glass vessel, either circular, as in the form of the engraving No. 3, or oblong, with a slate bottom, wooden or zinc pillars, and glass sides, and containing various kinds of sea-weed, fish, and marine animals of the lower organizations, all in full vigor and life. It is all the rage in England at the present time, and no drawing-room is considered furnished without one.

It is hard to say whether the process by which the present *aquaria* were developed, or that development itself is the more wonderful.

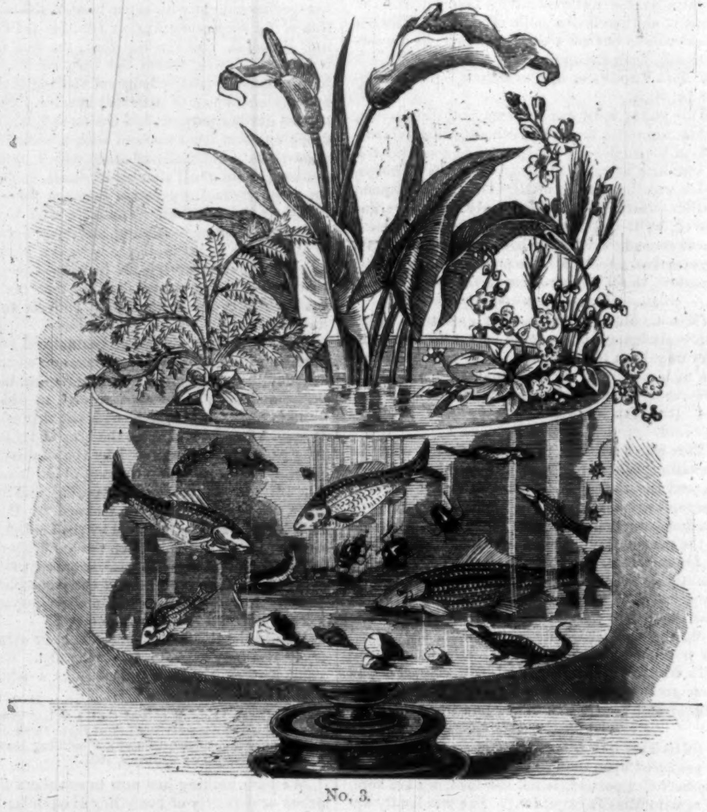
Probably every body has seen gold fish in the old conventional glass tureen. Their life was a series of spirals, and it was a relief to beholders as well as to themselves when they expired at last. Dazzled by the glare of the sunlight through the sides of their glass dwelling, the poor creatures spent their whole existence in trying to find out where they were, and how they could get out: no moth near a candle ever suffered more agonizing perplexity than they. To keep them in some appearance of health for a few weeks, it was necessary to change the water frequently; every time this was done the poor little creatures died a thousand deaths—endured such agony, in a word, as we should feel if we were plunged to the bottom of a river and held there till we were senseless every morning before breakfast. Small wonder that it was found a difficult matter to rear gold fish; and small credit to Madame de Pompadour, who, to the other little sins of her career, added that of setting this species of torture in fashion.

This was the first step toward the domestication of fish. It is commonly supposed that gold-fish were selected for the purpose in consequence of the brilliancy of their colors: this is not altogether true—their extraordinary tenacity of life and hardy character had quite as much to do with their selection. Almost every other description of fish would have perished under the glass-tureen *régime* within a week. And for this simple reason: Like all living creatures, fish emit carbonic acid gas; this, in a confined body of water, would soon be in excess, the water would become ammoniacal and poisonous, and the fish would die. The only alternative—that of changing the water daily—would be equally fatal in almost every instance.

But about fifteen years ago, Dr. Johnston, an Englishman, took in hand the business of proving that *corallines* were really vegetables, and not in any degree animals. He prepared a tank, and planted in it—in sea-water—a tuft of *coralline*, together with other sea-weeds. A few days after he had planted his weeds, he noticed infinitesimal mollusks floating about in the water, having been propagated from eggs hid in the weeds. Days passed, and weeks—to Dr. Johnston's astonishment the water remained pure, and the mollusks and other animals which it contained in large quantities grew and throve beautifully. Dr. Johnston's business was with the corallines, and he contented himself with noting the singular fact that the water remained pure without being changed, and supported animal life. It was not till Mr. Warrington began to investigate the subject that the grand principle was discovered, that, in water as in air, the prime function of plants is to evolve oxygen and to consume carbonic acid gas; in other words, to get rid of the noxious vapor emitted by animals, and to supply them, in its stead, with the first necessary of life—pure air. The corallines and other weeds planted in Johnston's tank consumed the carbonic acid thrown off by the mollusks, and furnished them with abundance of wholesome oxygen, thus enabling them to live, and keeping the water of the tank clear and sweet for weeks together.



No. 2.



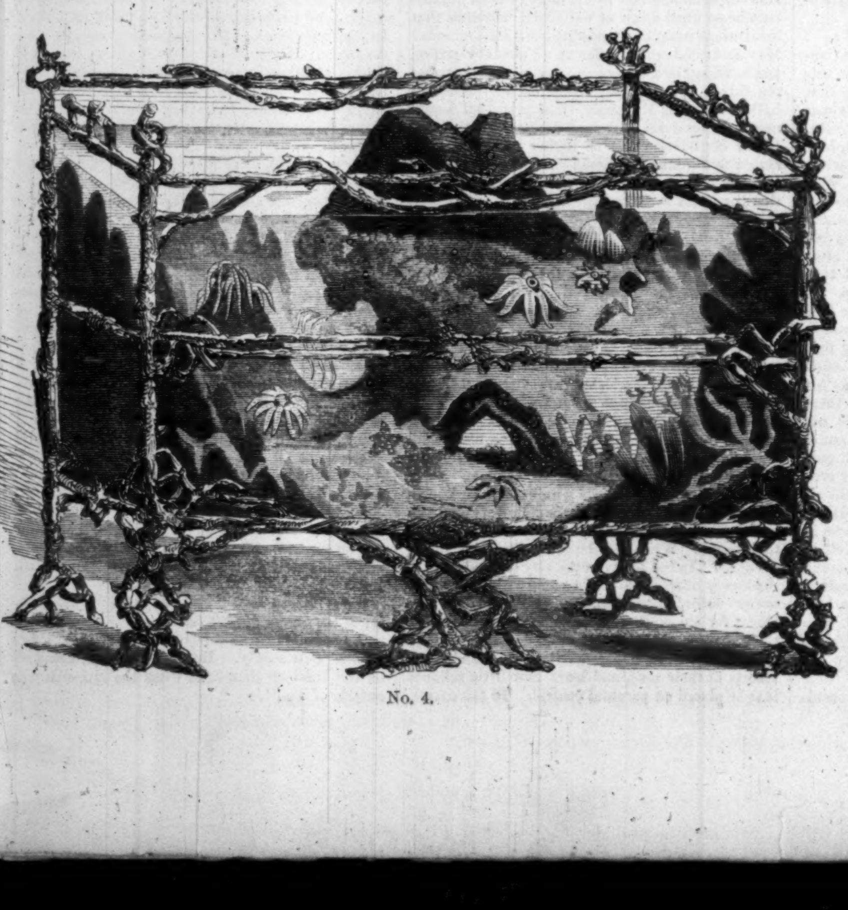
No. 3.

Mr. Warrington was much elated by his discovery, and set about breeding fish and mollusks in tanks with the aid of marine plants. He succeeded admirably for a few days; but, after a time, a change came o'er his little worlds. Without apparent reason the water became suddenly impure, and his fish died. Here was a new agency at work. With the aid of the microscope, Mr. Warrington explored his tank for the poison which was evidently latent there. He soon discovered that some of his plants had reached maturity, and, obedient to the law of nature, had died and decayed. The decaying matter was the poison he was in search of. How was this to be counteracted?

In nature's tanks, reflected Mr. Warrington, plants must die and decay, yet the decay does not destroy animal life. We must see how nature obviates the evil. The experimentalist hastened to a pond in the vicinity, and explored its bottom with the care he had bestowed on his miniature ponds. He found, as he had anticipated, abundance of decayed vegetable matter; but he likewise found swarms of water-snails doing duty as scavengers, and devouring the putrefying substances before they had time to taint the water. Here was the secret—so beautiful a contrivance that it is said Mr. Warrington, with the emotion of a true man of science, burst into tears when it flashed upon him.

He dried his eyes, however, quickly enough, pocketed some snails, and threw a handful of them into his little tank. In a single day the water was pure and clear. Fish launched into it throve and gamboled, grew and multiplied; the plants resumed their bright colors; and—not least happy in the beautiful tripartite alliance—the snails not only rollicked in an abundance of decaying branches from the plants, but laid a profusion of eggs on which the fish and mollusks dined sumptuously every day.

Thus the *aquarium*—the drawing-room fish-pond—became a possibility. Mr. Warrington communicated his discoveries to the Royal Society of London some three or four years ago; they were taken up by half the scientific men of England, and a series of experiments begun to test the relative capacity of the various known kinds of marine plants, fish, and marine creatures of the lower orders, for living in the limited area of a house-tank. Those experiments have been so thorough that books are now published containing the most minute directions for the establishment of aquaria; and, as we said above, almost every great drawing-room in England is provided with one or more of them.



No. 4.

The taste is one which ought by all means to be cultivated here. A more beautiful ornament for a drawing-room than one of the aquaria we engrave (it must be remembered that the plants and zoophytes, etc., are gorgeous in color) can not well be conceived; and the instruction they impart in zoology and botany would be a great acquisition for our young people.

The most common kind of aquarium is the oblong box which is engraved in cuts 1 and 2, with slate floor and back, wood or zinc columns, and glass sides. The size varies from fifteen inches to three feet in length, by ten inches to two feet in breadth. Sometimes all the sides are of glass; in this case the side which is nearest the light must be shaded with a small curtain, as neither fish nor plants thrive unless the sunlight reaches them from the surface of the water. Nature must always be copied. A syphon to change the water, if necessary, a syringe to aerate it from time to time, and a small landing-net to remove the fish when accidents render that indispensable, are essential paraphernalia. Having provided yourself with the aquarium, strew the bottom with clean sand and fine pebbles to the depth of some three inches; then build your rock-work. There are but two rules governing the rock-work of aquaria; the first is, to have hollows and caves for the retreat of such plants and animals as shun the sunlight; the second, to let the top of your rock project above the surface of the water, in order to accommodate such of your tenants as desire to make excursions into the open air. For the rest, you may build as fancy and taste prompt.

As trees were created before the creatures which bask in their shade, so you must plant your marine vegetation before you people your miniature ocean. Having therefore poured in your water—which should be as fresh as possible from its source, and not on any account boiled—introduce your plants, taking care that each is not only perfect as to its root, but is also supplied with some portion of its maternal mould or rock.

It is generally believed that all or nearly all the *algæ*—including all kinds of sea-weed—will thrive with careful management in aquaria. For the benefit of young experimentalists, we will enumerate a few plants of this order which have been successfully cultivated in England: *Ulva, conferva*, a pretty *Bryopsis*, with a feather-like mossy foliage; *Chondrus crispus* (Carrageen moss), with beautiful pearl-tinted leaves; *laurencia pinnatifolia*, whose hues change from bright yellow to violet and deep purple; the rosy-tinted *Coralline;* the bluish-green *Cladophoræ; delesseria sanguinea*, crimson; *punctaria latifolia*, buff; *hildenbrandtia rubra*, carmine; *laminaria phyllitis, codium tomentosum, Bangia fusco-purpurea, ectocarpus siliculosus, nemaleon multifida, porphyra vulgaris, nitophyllum punctatum, dumontia filiformis, chordaria divaricata, chrysemenia rosea, peyssonetia, asperococcus, gigartina acicularis, iridæa edulis, melobesia*, etc., etc., etc.

The aquarium should be left quiet for a few days after these plants have been introduced, in order to give the water time to settle, and the plants time to become accustomed to their new home. The experimentalist may then proceed to people his ocean with living creatures. Here he will be embarrassed by the abundance of candidates for selection. He must have zoophytes, *polyps, lucernaria*, and, more wonderful and beautiful than either, the sea-anemones (*actiniæ*), which we were taught twenty years ago to consider the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Our school-boys know better than this now; they know that these lovely flower-like creatures, so delicate in form and beauteous in color, are really most voracious and pugnacious monsters. Besides their tentacles, with which they seize and drag to destruction any creature within their reach, they carry a quiver of darts which they launch with such aim as to kill any small animal in their neighborhood; and their edible capacity is such that one of them was seen to swallow a shell (*Pecten maximus*) as large as a common saucer. The meal at first threatened danger to the consumer; for the shell stuck fast in the *actinia's* stomach, forming a hermetical separation between the top and bottom of the organ, so that the lower part of the poor thing starved while the upper part was gorged to repletion. But anemones, unlike men, are never victims of their own rapacity. Nature came to this glutton's aid, and, wonderful to relate, *a new mouth opened in the lower part of the stomach, and was instantly supplied with tentacles and all necessary paraphernalia.* The two rival stomachs did not part company; with the shell as a wall of division between them, each performed its function separately; and thus the glutton, instead of perishing for his voracity, was actually rewarded by being permitted, forever afterward, to feed at both ends. We hope it is not necessary to remind our young readers that nature performs no such miracles on our poor species.

Shell-bearing mollusks will demand a place in the aquarium, as well from their beauty of form as from their use, as mentioned above. Our experimentalist need not plant oysters or risk an eclipse from a cuttle-fish, but he may probably find room for a pretty cowry, the *donax*, and the musical *tritonia*. Some of those curious mollusks which appear to propel themselves through the water with the aid of an Archimedes screw; and that astonishing one-legged fellow, who, when he wants to travel, climbs a rock, sticks his only foot out of water, and holds it in mid-air till it dries and assumes the consistency of cork, then launches himself into the deep, using this cork leg of his as a float; and other curious varieties of the same order, will also command a place in a well-furnished aquarium.

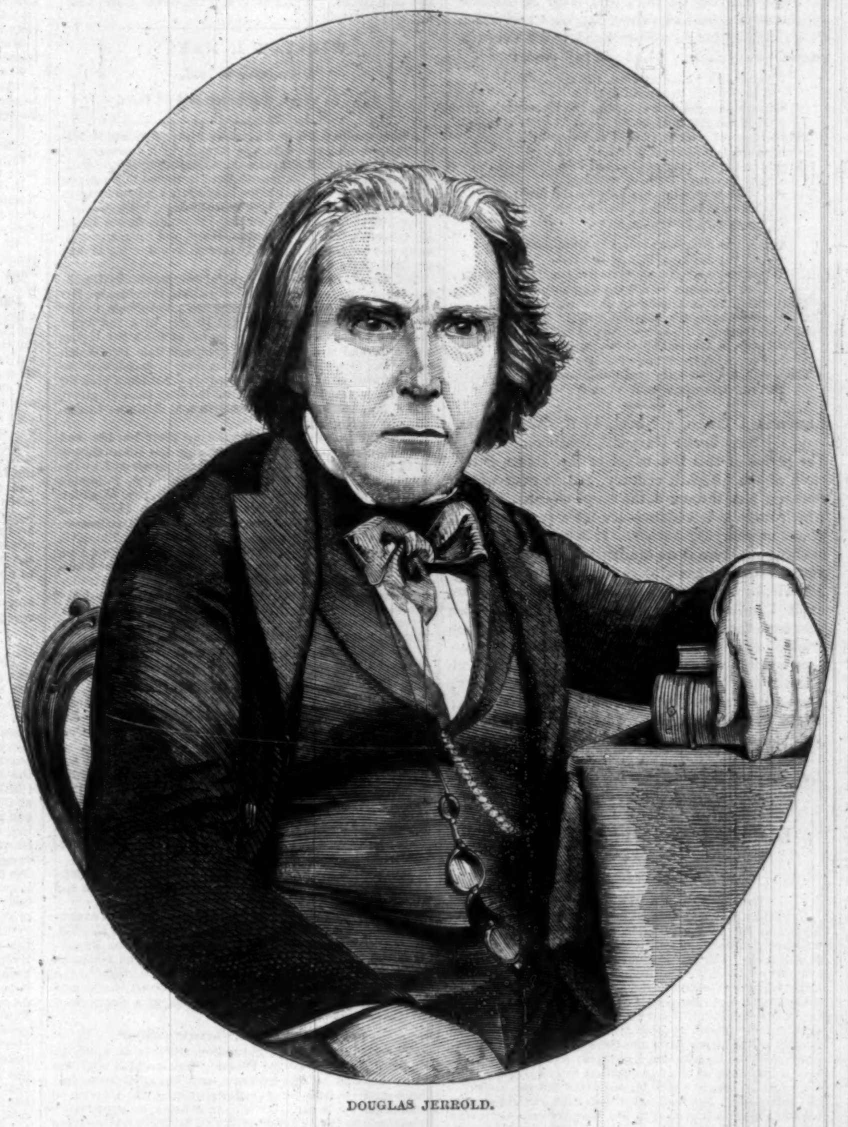
Crabs should be thrown in to act as scavengers. Their motions, too, will be interesting to watch. In England prawns perform the duty of inspectors of streets in aquaria; but any of the *crustacea* will answer as well. As to fish, it has been found in England that the kinds which thrive best, and are best suited for drawing-room ponds, are the flounder (when young), the tansy, the stickle-back, the gay mullet, the goby, the pogge, the ancient wrasse, the pipe-fish, and those wonderful creatures, the star-fish, which possess the power of cutting themselves up into joints, and dissolving into six or eight perfect creatures of their own species. Experiment alone will enable us to decide what species of our own fish are suited for drawing-room life. It must be remembered by the experimentalist that water in which fish are kept requires to be aerated every day either with a syringe or by means of a drip of water from another reservoir. Perfectly still water is too slow for well-bred fish.

Thus far of salt-water ponds. Aquaria may be filled with fresh water, and supplied with fresh-water plants and animals, on precisely the same principles. The cut No. 3 represents a fresh-water aquarium, with forget-me-not, arum, and sundew growing on the little islands which peep out of the pond. Nearly all the fresh-water algæ will grow in aquaria, though their colors are seldom as brilliant as the salt-water species. Snails and muscles are a necessity; and there is no limit to the fish which may be introduced. Gold and silver fish, perch, carp, tench, ro[illegible] pike, barbel, flounder, eels, gudgeon, and minnows have been grown successfully in aquaria in England. It is recommended that the pike be small of his kind, or the other fish will unaccountably disappear. It is also suggested that fish two feet long will not flourish in a tank only eighteen inches in length. Stickle-backs—those singular fish which build nests, and behave themselves in so unfishlike a manner generally—are great favorites in England for aquaria. Reptiles may also be introduced with benefit—newts, lizards, frogs, and water-snakes, which all look pretty as they disport themselves in a bright aquarium. Should any of our youthful readers come across the genuine sea-serpent, he would be a still more desirable tenant for such a domicile.

Seriously, these aquaria would afford much amusement and instruction to a class of our people who say they lack the one, and whom every body accuses of lacking the other. Who will set the fashion of drawing-room fish-ponds in New York?

DOUGLAS JERROLD, EDITOR AND SATIRIST.

JERROLD was born at Sheerness, on the 5th January, 1803, and died at Kilburn Priory, London, on the 8th June, 1857. His father was the manager of the Sheerness Theatre, which scarcely rose above the dignity of a barn; the audiences were composed chiefly of sailors, soldiers, and dock-yard people, for England was then in the thick of her fight with France. In his third year he made his first appearance before the public in the character of Cora's child in "Pizarro." Jerrold was fond of telling his friends that he remembered his *début*, and affirmed that the actor who performed Rolla, one Marley, made such an impression on him that he recollected his features even then, in his fortieth year. He continued to play such characters as the "Babes in the Wood," "Prince Arthur," and other infant phenomena, till his twelfth year, when he went to sea, and there met with Stansfield, the celebrated painter. Sixteen years later they met again on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre—one, the successful dramatist, and the other, a famous artist. Strange enough, the latter had painted the scenery to one of Jerrold's plays.



DOUGLAS JERROLD.

After six years' "life on the ocean wave," Jerrold, thoroughly "sea-sick," became a printer. About this time he became acquainted with Laman Blanchard, and their career of authorship began.

As our business is rather with the mind of our author than with his worldly affairs, we shall merely say that on his return from sea he devoted himself entirely to a literary life, and was successively dramatist, novelist, editor, contributor, and public censor. His first great step in authorship was his engagement on the London *Punch*, to which he contributed, more or less, to his dying day. His most celebrated and sustained efforts were his "Caudle Lectures," and "Letters to his Son." "The Story of a Feather" is a weak affair, the best chapters being those devoted to the immolation of Alderman Moon, the famous printseller, who, under the name Flamingo, is most mercilessly quizzed. Moon himself, who was Lord Mayor of London, was rather flattered at the delicate attentions paid him by the wits of Fleet Street, and once showed a letter he had received from his son, who was at Eton College, in which he begged his father "to stop *Punch* from making fun of him, as the boys *chaffed* him about it!"

After originating the *Illuminated Magazine*, the *Shilling Magazine*, and *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*, all of which were commercial failures, he accepted an offer to edit *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which he retained to his death, his son, Laman Blanchard, assisting him.

In person Jerrold was spare, diminutive, and round-shouldered. His features were sharp, and his straight, retreating forehead, with hair ironish brownish-gray, which looked as though he had combed it by rushing through a gooseberry-bush, gave his face the appearance of a human hatchet, made to cut his way through a world of dullness and obstruction. His gray eyes, over which hung his grim eyebrows, were full of earnestness, as though ever on the look-out for something to expose and wither. His laugh was hard and dry—not having any unctuosity in it—it was two-thirds sardonic scorn; he had little relish for broad humor; there was a force and energy even in his fun which carried it into the realms of seriousness. His jokes were not laughing matters, especially to the victims, for almost all his *bon mots* were retorts which killed the man.

He had generally some "butt" in his circle of acquaintances, and Albert Smith occupied that unpleasant position for some time.

At the Café de l'Europe there was a famous dish made of calves' tail, which was considered as a greater dainty that ox-tail soup. Albert Smith was reveling on this dish one day when Jerrold took a seat near him. The gourmand said, "Are you not surprised, Jerrold, to see me eating such a dish as calves' tail?"

"Not at all," replied the other; "*extremes often meet!*"

One evening, at the Museum Club, upon Smith's ostentatiously saying, "Wasn't it strange—we had no fish at the Marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately. I can not account for it." "Nor I," replied Jerrold, with a serious air, "*except they ate it all up stairs!*"—a cool intimation that Smith had dined with the flunkeys in the kitchen.

It was Smith who boasted that he and Lamartine were so intimate that they might be said to row in the same boat, on which Jerrold retorted, "That may be, but with very different *skulls!*" pointing significantly to his head.

An author, who compared himself to Victor *Hu*-go, was told that "he meant Victor *No-go*, since his works did not sell!"

Jerrold was especially relentless to authors who talked of their own writings. "Have you read my 'Descent into Hell,' Jerrold?" inquired Heraud, alluding to an enormously dull poem he had lately published with that title. "No," said the satirist; "but I should like to *see* it!"

His joke on Alderman Moon ordering some boys to be whipped at the cart's tail, is not very good, but may be cited as an instance of one of his failures: "That's a very convincing proof of the Moon's influence on the *tied!*" quoth Jerrold.

Sometimes he forgot his manners, as when he said of a very tall, thin young lady, who bored him for an hour with an Italian *bravura*, that "she was linked sweetness *long drawn out!*"

Mrs. Colonel Latter, a bigoted believer in the limited liability of human happiness, and the certain damnation of all, except some fifty or sixty of her own peculiar clique, was endeavoring to knock into Jerrold's "limited capacity" the "Five Points" of Calvinism. When she came to that of Reprobation, she said it meant, in a few words, the doctrine "that every man was *born to be damned;*" on which the outraged Christianity of the listener relieved itself by saying, "Then, had I known it, *I'd be damned if I would have been born!*" The fair theologian always considered Jerrold as decidedly in for a warm berth.

His criticism on Browning was equally characteristic. When recovering from a violent fit of sickness, Jerrold had been ordered to refrain from all reading and writing, which he had obeyed wonderfully well, although he found the monotony of a sea-side life very trying to his active mind. One morning he had been left by Mrs. Jerrold alone, while she had gone shopping, and during her absence a parcel of books from London arrived. Among them was Browning's "Sordello," which he commenced to read. Line after line, and page after page, was devoured by the convalescent wit, but not a consecutive idea could he get from that mystic production. The thought then struck him that he had lost his reason during his illness, and that he was so imbecile that he did not know it. A perspiration burst from his brow, and he sat silent and thoughtful. When his wife returned, he thrust the mysterious volume into her hands, crying out, "Read this, my dear!" After several attempts to make any sense out of the first page or so, she returned it, saying, "Bother the gibberish! I don't understand a word of it!"

"Thank Heaven," cried the delighted wit, "then I am not an idiot!"

His winding up a review of Wordsworth's poems was equally good. "He reminds me," said Jerrold, "of the Beadle of Parnassus, strutting about in a cocked hat, or, to be more poetical, of a modern Moses, who sits on Pisgah with his back obstinately turned to that promised land, the Future; he is only fit for those old maid tabbies, the Muses! His Pegasus is a broken-winded hack, with a grammatical bridle, and a monosyllabic bit between his teeth!"

When introduced to a fat little fellow—Sheriff Wire, he cried, "*Wire*, did you say—why you are more like the chunk end of a crowbar!" He once told a lawyer he was "happy to see six-and-eight-pence in any shape, in such bad times!" and meeting Madame Vestris in a company, during the run of Giovanni in London, told her that "it was quite a treat to see her *without her breeches!*"

One evening, at a friend's house, he asked Mr. Macready if it was true that he had taken Drury Lane Theatre. Upon that actor's answering in the affirmative, and going on to state that he took it more for the benefit of the dramatic art than in the expectation of making any money himself, and that it would afford him very great pleasure to produce his plays, Jerrold broke out: "Oh, come, Mr. Macready, none of your d—d grim patronage for me, Sir!"

Dining at Sergeant Talfourd's table one day, the guests were amusing themselves by propounding conundrums — Jerrold gave this: "Why is our worthy host's face like a druggist's sign?" After several guesses Jerrold gave his solution: "Because it is generally red, and always lit up after dark"—an ill-natured allusion to the Sergeant's glowing countenance, after a few glasses of wine. Some of Jerrold's retorts have, however, a poetical justice, which secured to them the sympathy of the company. Once at the Museum Club he administered, in the sugared shape of a pretended apology, a gentle dose of physic to a most arrogant and conceited member, who had annoyed many by his supercilious manners. Jerrold, one day mistaking him for an acquaintance, to whom he bore considerable resemblance, patted him good-temperedly on the shoulder, saying, "Well, my boy, how are you?" The dignity of this young sprig was so much hurt that he complained to several of Mr. Jerrold's unauthorized familiarity. This getting to the "savage" author's ears, the next time he met the offended dignity he apologized in the following terms: "I have to ask your pardon, Mr. Jones, for my familiarity the other day. I am somewhat near-sighted, and at the moment I mistook you for my friend Brown, but a narrower inspection convinces me that you are a devilish deal uglier than he. I sincerely ask *both* your pardons for my mistake!"

A young author, somewhat conceited on account of having persuaded one of those generous-hearted nondescripts, called publishers, to issue a religious work of his, entitled "Schism and Repentance," wrote to Jerrold, begging him to subscribe for a copy. The "gentle Jerrold" wrote back that he might put him down for "*Schism*," by all means, but he would advise him to keep "*Repentance*" for his publishers and readers!

It was really Jerrold, and not Sydney Smith, who, when told by the Rev. Mr. Hervey, Rector of Hornsey, "that the real evil of modern times was the *surplus* population," replied, "I agree with you, that the real evil of our times *does* spring from the *surplice* population!"

Mr. Hervey, although a very prayerful and pious man, was excessively proud, and a great admirer of the new Poor Law, which Jerrold and the Humanitarians bitterly opposed.

The faculty in which Jerrold peculiarly excelled was a combination of terse thoughtfulness and the most brilliant and trenchant wit. Of true humor he had little. Even his puns have a deeper significance than the mere happy word-jingle which first tickles the fancy of the listener. Thus his definition—"Dogmatism, dogmatism? why, bless you! dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth!"—has a meaning deep and philosophical enough for an essay.

His definition of *religion* was equally good: "Religion is an insurance against fire in the next world—whereto honesty is the best policy."

The exquisite confusion of the tipsy gentleman who, after scraping for half an hour at the door with his latch-key, leans back and exclaims, "By Jove! some scoundrel has stolen—stolen the keyhole!" is something in Jerrold's best vein.

Like most literary men, Jerrold was excessively sensitive. The first representation of any of his pieces caused him intense anxiety. A brother dramatist, noted for his successful adaptations from the French, once sought to rally the trembling author, by stating that he never felt any nervousness on the first production of his own pieces. "Oh, my boy," was Jerrold's caustic rejoinder, "but then you are always sure of success—your pieces have all been tried before."

Said an individual to him one evening in the green-room, "I believe you know a very particular friend of mine, Mrs. ——." This Mrs. —— being a lady more remarkable for beauty and talents than for some more womanly qualities.

"I have met with an actress of that name," said Jerrold, coolly; "but she can not be the very particular friend you allude to."

"Pardon me, it is the same person."

"Pardon me, the lady I speak of is not very particular."

That Jerrold should be severe upon stupidity is not so very strange when we consider what a man of his flashing wit had to suffer from persons too dull of comprehension to see the point of his jokes. Withal he seems not to have been at all tenacious of a witticism. In one of his plays an old sailor, trying to snatch a kiss from a pretty girl, as sailors will do, got a box on the ear. "There!" exclaimed Blue Jacket, "just like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs!" The manager, when the play was read, could not see the joke, and it was struck out. In another play a cynical dog, in a wrangle with his better half, was made to say to her: "My notion of a wife of forty is, that a man should be able to exchange her, like a bank-note, for two twenties!" Some friend found fault with this, and straightway it was erased.

It has been mentioned that "Black Eyed Susan" was the most popular of all his plays. It had an uninterrupted run of 300 nights. Elliston and Cooke, the actors, made their reputations and fortunes by it; and it was acted with like success all over England. Yet, while managers were making their thousands, Jerrold received in all but seventy pounds for his labor. When the drama had run 300 nights, Elliston, who had made more by it than any other, said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness: "My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?"

Jerrold was a bad penman. Like Kenyon, he wrote three different hands: one which he could read, but the printers could not; one which the printers could read, but which was sealed to Jerrold; and a third which puzzled both.

As a man, Jerrold was more generous than just, and, when irritated, would act with great cruelty.

Although he was eminently a clubable man, and delighted in tavern life, he was fond of the country, and for the last fifteen years lived a few miles from the great Babel of London. He had an amateur passion for pigs, cows, hens, and other rural horrors, and frequently declared that, in making him an author, the world had lost a wonderful farmer. When he went to Putney he bought nearly a cart-load of agricultural books, but never read one, although he would occasionally give a solemn opinion on rotation of crops, just as though they were the precession of equinoxes, and disgusted a French gentleman, who went to see "the wit of *Punch*," by taking him over what he called his farm, through which the fastidious foreigner had to wade in three inch slush.

Jerrold had no scholarship, and to this may be attributed his close, nervous, Saxon style of composition.

As the Draco of the wits of London, he was certainly a remarkable man; and while he lived every Goliah of meanness, cruelty, or humbug, might expect his ragged lump of granite from his unerring sling, for Jerrold never chose the smooth pebbles of David.

He was buried in Norwood Cemetery on the 15th of June, close to the grave of his old friend, Laman Blanchard, and his funeral was attended by most of the literary celebrities of London.

He married very early in life, and left several children.

LITERARY.

THE CITY: ITS SINS AND SORROWS, *by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

A small volume of sermons, no less applicable to New York than to Edinburgh, by an eloquent preacher, and one who understands that of which he writes. We commend the book to the careful perusal of all who are interested in city life. Some of the statistical information is specially interesting.

THE FAIRY FAMILY; a Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales. London: Longman & Co.

We believe in fairies. We have seen fairies. Any one who doubts it may see them for himself of a summer evening, if he will take this book with him, as we did last week, to a still place on the edge of a forest, far from the city, and read it in the twilight till the darkness overtakes him. When the hush of the air is indescribably grand—when the earth is expectant, and the sky bountiful of light and glory—look up to the tall tree-tops, and see them bow silently, gracefully downward, as the feet of the invisible alight on them. Then go out into the dark wood, to the opening where the moonlight, when the moon is high, lies down and dies among grass and fragrant woodbine, and see the fairies

Twinkle, twinkle o'er the grass—
Is it shade? is it light?
Or do both together pass
Across the green to-night?
Twinkle, twinkle dark and sheen,
Mantle fold and feet between,
Glancing feet and mantles green,
Greener than the grass, I ween—
Mingling shade and light.

Trooping, trooping on they go,
O'er the dewy grass—
Little feet as white as snow
Twinkling as they pass;
O'er the grass their mantles sweep,
And the daisies roused from sleep,
Half unclose their dewy eyes,
Timidly and with surprise—
Nothing but the starry skies
And the dewy grass.

"It is all imagination!" says our grouty friend, whose only notion of a forest has reference to its value for timber; "All fancy!" says Mrs. Sensible, who thinks moonlight walks criminal, and starlight itself a temptation to sin. Perhaps it is; but in this day, and especially in July days, imagination and fancy have a great deal to do with every thing, and he keeps coolest who deals least with realities. In fine, we know no better companion for July and August than this book of ballads, which has just reached us from England, and which we should be glad to see reprinted. We have extracted two stanzas. Here are two more:

What sound comes up from the river-side,
Where drink the timid deer;
'Cross the meadow wide, from the river-side,
Over the forest drear?
'Tis the tone of a harp, as wild and sweet
As ever a dreaming ear did greet:
Ah, woe to the breaker of plighted vow
If weetless he stray by the river now!
For the Neck is playing his harp by the ford;
He calleth and claimeth a guest for his board,
In his cavern under the mere.

When the mirk was creeping from east to west,
And the daylight fleeing before—
When the daylight hung on the edge of the west
Like the sands on a wide sea-shore;
Then galloping, galloping up the way,
All riderless came the dappled gray,
With quivering limb and staring eye,
With bridle broken and girth awry,
All dabbled with froth and river foam
The terrified steed came galloping home—
But Sir Eric came back no more.

LEONORA D'ORCO, a Novel, *by G. P. R. James.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

The period of this last novel of Mr. James is the close of the fifteenth century, a time over which romance has thrown a thousand charms, and in which there is left abundance for a pen like that of our unwearying author. It is sufficient to say of this, that there is no diminution of that peculiar power which he has always displayed in sketching historical scenery and character, and in keeping the excited and unflagging interest of his reader in the plot from the commencement to the close. The introduction of a few well-known historical characters, among whom Bayard, the pure knight, and Leonardo da Vinci, then in the zenith of his glory, are conspicuous, adds to the brilliancy of the story, while they remind the reader constantly of the splendor of that age which immediately succeeded the death of Lorenzo de Medici, the godfather of Lorenzo, the hero of the novel.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

GOVERNOR WALKER OF KANSAS.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created at Washington by the hostile attitude recently taken by certain Southern journals and politicians toward Governor Walker of Kansas. The leading journals of the extreme Southern party condemn the pledge given by Governor Walker in his inaugural to submit the Constitution, as adopted by the Convention, to the people of Kansas. It is understood that the President, without altogether approving Governor Walker's course, sustains him in the main; the more readily as the Democratic members of the Constitutional Convention of Kansas stand pledged, like the Governor, to a submission of the Constitution to the people. The *Union*, in an article which is considered official, approves the submission, but insinuates that the Convention may set what bounds it pleases to the category of persons who are to vote on the Constitution. Several influential Southern men are said to demand Mr. Walker's recall. It is not believed, however, that their request will be granted.

THE NEW GRANADA DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Bowlin, ex-Minister to New Granada, has been to Washington, and has reported that nothing must be expected from the New Granadians without the use of force. He is understood to have recommended a display of naval force, and, as New Granada has no money, a demand for a territorial concession in the Bay of Panama. His report shows that the victims of the Panama massacre were more numerous, by fifty-two, than was supposed. The administration is disposed to give Señor Ospina a little more time for reflection before resorting to extreme measures. The United States force off the coast of New Granada numbers six ships, two hundred guns, and fifteen hundred men.

OUR RELATIONS WITH VENEZUELA.

Mr. Eames, United States Minister to Venezuela, is understood to have demanded the ultimatum of the Venezuelan Government, on the Aves Island claim. Hitherto, President Monagas has shown no willingness to settle that claim on terms agreeable to the United States agents; it is now supposed that matters will be brought to a head, and the dispute closed by energetic measures.

MR. MARCY'S LAST DISPATCH.

Mr. Cass is said to be on the point of giving to the world Mr. Marcy's last dispatch to the Count de Sartiges, in reply to his demand for indemnity on behalf of certain Frenchmen who were injured by the bombardment of Greytown. It appears that Count de Sartiges gave a copy of this document to Lord Napier, who sent it to his Government; and it was on the strength of it that Lord Palmerston and the Attorney-General of England gave their opinions in the House of Commons on 19th ultimo. Lord Palmerston said:

"Now it was an unquestionable principle of international law, that when one government deemed it right to exercise acts of hostility against any part of the territory of another power, the subjects or citizens of a third power who might happen to be resident in the place so attacked had no claim whatever upon the government which, in the exercise of its natural rights, committed those acts of hostility."

The Attorney-General added, "That if, under the international law, reparation could have been demanded of America for the losses sustained by British subjects at Greytown, he should have pressed upon her Majesty's Government to take that course. The contrary opinion had been come to unwillingly and with reluctance by the law advisers of the Crown."

THE CONFLICT OF AUTHORITIES IN OHIO.

Judge Leavitt has decided, in the case between the United States marshals and the State authorities of Ohio, growing out of the late seizure of a fugitive slave, that the marshals were in the right, and that the course pursued by the local State authorities was calculated to prove subversive of social order. The United States marshal was liberated from custody.

MR. MARCY'S FUNERAL.

Mr. Marcy was buried at Albany on 8th instant.

At the request and by the direction of Hon. Erastus Corning, the Central Railroad Company provided a special train for the conveyance of the remains of the deceased from Ballston to that city. The cars and the engine were heavily draped in black. Amidst the tolling of bells, the booming of cannon, and the roll of muffled drums, the train passed into the depôt. Here the body was taken in charge by the Burgesses corps, and was at once conveyed to the Capitol, where it lay in state until eleven o'clock.

During the morning a great number of people visited the Capitol to take a last farewell look at the remains of the deceased statesman, and much disappointment was expressed when they learned that, at the request of the relatives of the deceased, the coffin would not be opened. At three o'clock every building on State Street and Broadway for three miles was draped in mourning, the black and white cloth intertwined presenting a splendid appearance. Owing to the large arrivals of visitors from other cities, the funeral ceremonies were not commenced until three o'clock. At two P.M. all the bells in the city commenced tolling, and did not cease doing so until the close of the ceremonies.

The coffin was of solid rosewood, with silver handles and mountings. It had on it a plain silver plate, bearing this inscription:

WILLIAM L. MARCY,
DIED JULY 4, 1857,
Aged 70 Years, 5 Months, and 22 Days.

A beautiful wreath of fragrant flowers surrounded this inscription, and the dais was strewn with *immortelles*. The body was clothed in the same habiliments—the coat, and vest, and pantaloons—wherein it moved through the halls of the Capitol but a few days since, apparently in the full strength of a mature but not decaying manhood.

Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Pierce, Governor King, Ex-Governors Bouck, Seymour, Hunt, and Fish, and Senators Seward and King, and General Wool, were among the Pall-bearers.

Dr. Nott commenced the funeral ceremonies by invoking the guidance and support of Divine Providence, Dr. Sprague read portions of Scripture appropriate to the time and the occasion, and Dr. Hague, in a few brief eloquent sentences, traced the moral of the scene before him—the end and the aim of life; and then Dr. Welch made the closing prayer—a touching, impassioned recital of our wants and our infirmities—a solemn plea for the wisdom that should teach us the true path of glory, and a supplication for the strength and fortitude to sustain the struggle of life.

And now the Pall-bearers take up their burden, and bear it quietly and reverently through the silent throng to the gates of the Park, where it is transferred to the hearse. In advance are the armed military—following these are the Neptune Hose Company of Troy, of which the deceased was a member so long ago as 1816. The Burgesses Corps, without arms, marched beside the hearse, and after these the Pall-bearers in carriages. The civic authorities follow in succession, and then there is a long array of Firemen, Odd Fellows, Masons, and other Charitable and Literary Associations.

With a somewhat faster movement than is general, the procession occupied fifty-five minutes in passing, and represented, in its numbers and its character, most of the material and mental wealth of the State.

At the Cemetery, the remains were deposited in the Knower family vault.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

A Democratic Convention met at Lecompton, Kansas Territory, on the 2d inst. Judge Elmore presided. Ex-Governor Ransom, of Michigan, was nominated for Congress by a two-thirds vote over the Hon. Eli Moore. A resolution indorsing the policy of Governor Walker, and expressing a determination to support him, was adopted. A resolution was offered by Mr. Jenkins, a strong Pro-slavery man, in favor of the adoption of a State Constitution, to be passed by a Constitutional Convention, whether submitted to the people for ratification or not. This resolution was warmly opposed, and was finally voted down by a vote of *forty to one*.

A caucus of the Republican members of the New Hampshire Legislature passed the following resolution on the adjournment of that body:

"*Resolved*, That we nominate John C. Frémont as candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1860, upon the platform of principles adopted by the Republican Convention at Philadelphia, in 1856, and upon the resolutions of the present Legislature in relation to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott; subject to the decision of a Republican National Convention."

OUR STREET COMMISSIONERSHIP.

The disputed Street Commissionership is as much in dispute as ever. Judge Peabody has decided that the office belongs to Mr. Conover, and an application has been made to him for an order requiring Mr. Develin to surrender the books. On the other hand, an application was made to Judge Roosevelt for an injunction to restrain Mr. Conover from further interference in the matter, but was refused; and Judge Davies has issued a writ of *certiorari*, directing the case to be brought before him. Meanwhile Mr. Develin remains in possession.

There have been no further riots. Certain parties of the Dead Rabbit Club have been arrested on charges connected with the murder of the victims of the late riot, and warrants are out for others. The Metropolitan Police are peaceably discharging their duties.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George Peabody, the London banker, has added $50,000 to his donation of $300,000 for the Peabody Institute at Baltimore.

Mr. Everett's oration has already netted $25,000, to be applied to the purchase of the Mount Vernon estate.

Beverly Tucker, late editor of *The Sentinel*, has been offered a first-class consulate, probably London or Liverpool.

Judge Bowlin, late Minister to New Granada, retires to the practice of his profession.

Colonel Benton was more seriously injured by the recent railroad accident than even he is inclined to admit. Though he continues to work, in order to keep ahead of his engagement with the publishers of the Appendix, that which was once a labor of love has become, in consequence of this shock to his system, a toil not without suffering. His back is painful under any protracted sitting, and writing requires all the exertion of his strong will to overcome physical suffering at times.

The President, and each member of the Cabinet, received an invitation to attend the funeral of the late Honorable William L. Marcy. The President replied by telegraph, expressing deep regret at the sad event, and saying the pressure of public business would prevent the attendance of himself and associates.

Ex-President Pierce, ex-Governor Hunt, Postmaster Brett, of Washington, and several other distinguished gentlemen, arrived at Ballston on the 9th instant, from Albany, on a visit to Mrs. William L. Marcy, and took rooms at the Sans Souci Hotel.

Governor Marcy leaves a widow, a daughter, and two sons. Mrs. Marcy was at her sister's, in Rochester, when Mr. M. died. The daughter was with friends in Troy; and one of the sons is in the Navy, and the other in California. His only surviving brother now lives upon the old homestead at Southbridge, Massachusetts. A second brother died a few years since.

Ex-Senator Cooper, ex-Minister M'Lane, Reverdy Johnson, and other distinguished lawyers, are at Washington, defending the dropped naval officers. Captains Henry and Ritchie are to be tried soon.

The Deseret News of May 27 announces the return of Brigham Young and party, after an absence of sixteen days.

It is said that the British Government design to reappoint Mr. Barclay as British Consul to New York.

Lord Napier had a special interview, on July 6, with the Secretary of State, in relation to the dispatch received by this Government from Lord Clarendon, disclaiming any intention of acquiring territory on or near this continent. Affairs in Central America were also discussed.

The following Americans have been presented to Queen Victoria by Mr. Dallas: Mr. Randolph Cooledge, of Boston; Miss Cecilia Campbell, of South Carolina; and Miss Isabella Croskey, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Bedinger, our Minister to Denmark, has asked to be recalled. The whole Virginia delegation insist that Mr. Daniels shall not be superseded.

Caleb Cushing has presented to the city of Newburyport a splendid copy of Trumbull's portrait of Washington.

Abram Lincoln and Senator Trumbull spoke at Springfield, Illinois, on the 26th and 29th ult., in reply to Senator Douglas, who lately made a political address at that place.

Senator Polk, of Missouri, censures severely the selection of the route for the California Mail, and protests against it.

The last accounts of the health of the wife of General Scott were more favorable.

We learn from the Richmond *Enquirer* that the venerable Chief Justice Taney has engaged rooms for himself and family at the Warrington White Sulphur Springs, where he derived such great benefits to his health last year.

Governor Cumming, of Utah, is expected at Washington daily from St. Louis, to receive his final instructions. The military force leaves Fort Leavenworth on the 20th instant, and Governor Cumming will have time to overtake them.

Hon. E. D. Potter has received his commission as Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of Utah.

Several of the President's household are sick with intermittent fever, caused by the fogs arising from the Potomac, which makes the White House damp and unhealthy.

The President has recognized the following Peruvian Consuls: Adolphe A. Cay, at Charleston; Richard B. Fitzgerald, at Baltimore; Santiago Cancia Bello, at Boston; and Samuel J. Christian, at Philadelphia.

J. W. Davidson has been appointed Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois, *vice* Nye, resigned; S. H. Parker, Postmaster, at Geneva, *vice* Lewis, and H. H. F. Feeney, Postmaster, at Wheeling, *vice* Crachaft.

Mr. Mandeville, formerly of New York, has been appointed Surveyor-General of California, in place of Colonel Jack Hayes, who has been appointed Surveyor-General of Utah.

David R. Atchison, of Kansas notoriety, has written a letter to friends in South Carolina, virtually abandoning the field. He says it is evident the South is no match for the North in Kansas, and that the latter contributes ten dollars where the former gives one for the support of its cause.

Letters received by the *Niagara* from Mrs. Crawford confirm the previous encouraging accounts of the sculptor's health. So much has it improved that his friends in London entertain strong hopes of his recovery. Nothing certain can, of course, be known until the tumor is entirely removed. Dr. Fell repeats his assurance that, if the brain be not found diseased, Crawford can recover, and that the further he proceeds in his treatment the more he has reason to believe it is not in the least affected. Mrs. Crawford writes that, although when her husband came to London, he could not, in consequence of constant and severe pain, endure listening to reading, she now reads to him a great deal every day, and much to his enjoyment.

Lord Palmerston has conferred a pension of £70 per annum upon the widow of the late Mr. Hugh Miller, in recognition of his services to literature and science.

SEIZURE OF THE PANCHITA.

The American bark *Panchita* has been brought into this port by two British officers, having been seized on the coast of Africa by H. M. ship *Sappho* as a slaver. The captor's story is as follows: "Captain Moresby, of the British cruiser *Sappho*, received intelligence that the *Panchita*, suspected of being a slaver, had just gone up the Congo River, about twenty-five miles from the sea-coast, from the American agent, then at Congo, and that the captain of the *Panchita* had two negroes who could speak very good English stationed at Shark's Point, just at the entrance of Congo River, as spies, to keep watch, and acquaint him immediately if any danger was pending, in order that he might prepare for them in time. Shark's Point is a place in the immediate vicinity of the mouth of the river, where most of the vessels, either going up or coming out of Congo River, anchor, and it is impossible for a vessel to either go into or come out of the river without being seen from this point; hence this is an excellent position for observations of this kind.

"The American agent urged Captain Moresby to seize the *Panchita*, as he said she had merely gone up the river in order to have a mast put into her, which had been disabled from age and rot, and, as soon as this had been done, she was to come down and proceed to Cabenda, about twenty-seven miles to the leeward of Shark's Point, for the purpose of taking on board some 450 negroes, which had been purchased by Mosqueto (a name given to a prominent negro dealer on the coast), and taken to that place for the purpose of shipping them on the *Panchita*. He further stated to Captain Moresby that he had received this intelligence from some trusty negro spies which were on the look-out for slaves, and who had authentic sources of knowledge as to the movements of the slave-dealers along the coast. Captain Moresby would not have had any thing to do with the bark had it not been for the persuasion of the American agent, who urged him very hard to do so, particularly as there was no American government vessel on the coast at the time. The day we took possession of the bark one of the clerks of the American agent came on board of the vessel and told Captain Moresby that unless he took possession of her it would be too late, as she was expected to sail on the day following for Cabenda, to commence taking her cargo of slaves on board, when Captain Moresby finally consented to seize and hand her over to the American government as a prize. He accordingly manned his boats and proceeded to board her. When Captain Moresby went on board of the *Panchita*, and told her captain that he wanted him to muster his crew, he said, 'I will comply, Sir;' and immediately hauled down his colors, which we have not seen on board of the vessel since. The crew was accordingly mustered, and Captain Moresby took formal command of the vessel, weighed anchor and took her down the river, outside of Shark's Point, where we anchored and lay for two or three days. The prize crew—being the English crew which brought her to this port—were then selected and placed on board to the number of fourteen men, besides officers, after which we weighed anchor on the 18th of May, Sunday, and went up the river a short distance for sand and water, as ballast. We then set sail for New York, by way of Ascension Islands, some 1760 miles from Congo, which place we made in nine days from leaving Congo River, where we remained two days.

"Captain Moresby was informed by the American agent's clerk that it was the plan of the captain of the *Panchita* to load her with slaves and sell her, or at least pretend to sell her at once to Mosqueto; and indeed, the very same day that she was seized by us this Mosqueto came on board as we were about getting her under way to go down the river, and in a pompous manner said that she was his vessel, and, as he was a Portuguese, they had no right to seize her. He accordingly demanded her immediate restoration to him, as it was his intention to send her to Cabenda. This demand Captain Moresby, of course, refused to comply with, and told this fellow that the vessel was then in his possession, and unless he left her decks in short order he would find way to compel him to. Mosqueto finding that resistance would be vain, at once complied with the captain's suggestion, and nothing further was seen or heard of him."

HOW THE PAPERS GOT OFF.

On Tuesday, soon after the *Panchita* arrived at Quarantine, a man, said to be Mr. Weeks, one of the owners or agents of her, was seen in conversation with Dr. Thompson, and soon after went off to the *Panchita*, in company with another man, in one of the Health Officer's boats, and secured from the captain all the private papers, etc., belonging to the captain and vessel, and most likely the most valuable portion of testimony against the vessel, with which he returned to the city. United States Marshal Rynders will therefore be at a loss, in all probability, to secure any great amount of proof against her, further than that stated above, or what was given on the trial some months since, when she was seized at this port, and held for a long time on the same charge, when, it is said, the testimony was much greater against her than at the present time.

Deputy United States Marshal Nevins and boarding-officer Locke, were on board of the *Panchita* for the purpose of taking a look at her cargo, and seeking some information concerning her, but to no purpose, as all the old crew on board of her seemed to be genuine Know Nothings. A careful survey of her cargo was made by the boarding officer, and nothing but about ten casks of rum and a few bags of grain were found, all of which were taken from this port in her.

Lieutenant Odevaine and Surgeon Ireland, the officers who brought her here, have been arrested at the suit of the owners, and held to bail in $15,000.

FINALE OF THE FRENCH EXTRADITION CASE.

The case of Auguste Parot, arrested in this city several months ago, on a charge of having been concerned in the celebrated French Railway Frauds, has been a strange case as conducted before the courts, and the recent proceedings are as unique as any that have gone before. To enhance the interest, a lady lately appeared upon the boards, and performed a prominent part in the Parot drama. Mademoiselle Dubud, as the story goes, had a strong affection for Parot several years ago, when he was known as a dealer in horses in France. When he escaped to America she came with him, and from the day of his arrest until the failure of the attempt to escape from prison on Thursday, 2d inst., has used every means in her power to obtain his release. After this last failure Parot, seeing no farther chance of escape, concluded to go voluntarily back to France. This conclusion he made known to Mr. Tisandier, the agent of the Northern Railroad of France. His offer was accepted, and he sailed for Southampton on 11th inst., under charge of Deputy-Marshal Theodore Rynders. This settled, and there being no farther hope of his escaping, Parot and Mademoiselle Dubud turned their thoughts upon more agreeable subjects, one of which was marriage. Although the lady had lived with Parot for several years, and borne him two children, they had not been married. That pleasure was still before them, and they resolved to enjoy it, as a fitting conclusion to the "American proceedings." Accordingly the witnesses were invited, and at three o'clock on 10th the couple were married in the French Catholic Church, St. Vincent de Paul, in Canal Street, by Rev. Père Lafont. The ceremony, which was in the form usual to the Catholic Church, was witnessed by nearly all the parties here who are interested in the case.

BRITISH ART IN NEW YORK.

A New York Exhibition of British Art is to be opened in this city in a few months, for the purpose of familiarizing our people with the works of some of the most successful living English artists. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, one of the most prominent of the pre-Raphaelites, has addressed a circular to the leading artists of London, in which he states that active measures are in progress to establish in New York, in October next, a gallery of English paintings. Mr. Augustus Ruxton, the projector of the design, is now in this country to ascertain the practicability of bringing pictures here, either to form a permanent gallery or for the purposes of sale.

A MISSOURIAN'S BAGGAGE.

During the session of the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, a delegate, having taken breakfast at the St. Charles, walked up to the counter and demanded his bill. He was asked what he had had, and the reply was "Six brandy cocktails, tea and toast." This, so far as breakfast is concerned, is without a parallel. But a late incident is worthy to go down to immortality with it. A gentleman from Missouri was in attendance at Lexington at the laying of the corner-stone of the Clay Monument on the Fourth, and his baggage undergoing investigation, was found to consist of a carpet sack, containing four bottles of whisky and two revolvers, one shirt and two collars. One of his traveling companions said that the shirt had been put in simply to keep the bottles from breaking.

AN EXTRAORDINARY KICK.

Judge Burke, of South Carolina, rode on horseback from circuit to circuit, accompanied by a servant, who was directed to keep close behind him, while he meditated as pleased himself by the way. Jogging along in this way, on one occasion, the servant pressed up too near to the horse which he rode, and which happened to be an ill-natured brute, and the consequence was that the horse kicked the negro on the leg, who, observing that it had not interrupted his master's study, sprang off his horse, and picking up a stone threw it at the horse, which it unluckily missed and took effect between the Judge's shoulders. The instant the negro saw what had been done, he fell in the road with his hands clasped around his leg, and crying out in apparent agony; as soon as the Judge could straighten himself, he turned around and said to the prostrate negro, "Stephen, child, what ails you?" "Lord, master," was the reply, "your horse just now kicked me on the leg and almost broke it." "Well, child," said the Judge, "he just now kicked me between the shoulders, and almost broke my back too."

A NEGRO VENTRILOQUIST.

A night or two since, an officer of the Sixth Ward in Philadelphia overhauled a colored individual who was coming away from the wharf with a coil of rope. Darkey was questioned as to where he got the chattels, and he replied that he was a hand on the steamboat *Forrest*, and that both the rope and its custodian were "all right." The officer turned ebony to the right about, and both went together on board the boat. Nobody was in sight, and the darkey went boldly to a gangway, and shouted out, "Hello, Bill!"

"Hello it is!" came a response, in a gruff, sepulchral tone, which Blitz would have envied, and which seemed to emerge from the depth of the steamer.

"Come up on deck right away, Bill; dere's a police got me for stealin' dis rope!"

"Ay, ay!" again shouted the gruff voice—"jist wait, can't you, till I git on my trousis?"

"Well, pull a heel den and be quick, for I wants to be off."

This colloquy served to measurably satisfy the officer and he relaxed his watchfulness over his prisoner. The latter embraced the opportunity to take his leave slyly, and he took the coil of rope with him. The officer meantime became tired of waiting and went in search of his voucher for his late prisoner. After considerable trouble a man who was sleeping below was roused up and questioned concerning the colored man and the coil of rope. The sleepy individual avowed that he knew nothing about either, and the officer finally ascertained that he had been regularly "sold" by a thief who possessed first-class ventriloquial power.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

An old man, in his sixty-first year, from the eastward, started from Neillisville, Wisconsin, on Friday, three weeks ago, to go to his son-in-law's house, who was standing near and saw him go, but did not recognize him. The old gentleman got into the woods, became bewildered, and for nine days wandered about with nothing but cranberries to eat, and water, of which he drank often. After he had been gone two or three days, and it was discovered that he was lost, the population turned out and searched for him in every direction, but could not find the least trace of his track, and it was only expected that some hunter would one day find his bones.

It had rained for several days. He had got into the windfalls, where it is difficult for any man to get out. The second Sunday from the time he left, the man made his appearance on the east fork of Black River, about sixteen miles from where he started. He first entered a deserted logger's camp, where had been left some flour and meat, but such was the old man's honesty he would not touch it. He finally came to the house of Mr. James Yates, by whom he was kindly cared for. He appeared quite vigorous even then, except that his feet and legs were badly swollen. He is expected to recover.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The Oaths Bill has passed the Commons, so as to permit Jews to sit in Parliament; it will be opposed in the Lords. Ministers were beaten on a question connected with the Ordnance Survey of England by a majority of ten. Debates have taken place on army organization, on industrial schools, and other topics.

Government was catechised in the House of Lords by Lord Ellenborough, and in the House of Commons by Mr. Disraeli, in regard to the mutiny in the India army. Lord Granville, in reply to the former, and Mr. J. Smith, in reply to the latter, stated that the case would be met with decisive measures, and that although there was good reason for supposing that the mutineers would speedily be put down by the force on the spot, still it had been determined to send out reinforcements to the extent of 14,000 men forthwith as a mere measure of security. It was admitted that the published accounts of the revolt were substantially correct, and that the principal incentive was an impression that there was to be an attempt at a general conversion to the Christian religion. In the Commons, Mr. H. Birdley asked leave to bring in a bill to cause the votes of Parliamentary electors to be taken by ballot. A debate ensued upon this, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the motion. The motion was finally rejected by 189 to 257.

THE TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION.

Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, together with his officers, attended by special invitation the Manchester Exhibition on the occasion of the Queen's state visit there. They were received with loud cheering and other demonstrations of good feeling.

The Navy Department at Washington has received a letter from Captain Hudson, commander of the *Niagara*, dated June 27, in which he says:

"I have the honor to report that a ship-load of the telegraphic cable has just been got alongside this ship, which we shall at once commence coiling into the forehold. We have a promise of a second vessel, now nearly full, on the 31st, and shall commence coiling from her into the wardroom tier abaft. During the time in which we shall be coiling from the vessels into their districts or separate tiers, we shall coil away on this ship one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. As I stated in my letter of the 22d instant, the two vessels above referred to bring off about 750 miles of the cable."

DISTRIBUTION OF THE NEW REWARD OF VALOR.

This interesting ceremony, which took place in Hyde Park, London, is thus noticed:

The appearance of the ground on her Majesty's arrival was of the most magnificent description; the gorgeous uniforms of the Staff officers, covered with decorations, sparkling in the rays of the sun, the varied uniforms of the soldiers, from the "dark rifle-green" of the Rifle Brigade, to the picturesque uniform of the Highlanders, interspersed with the cuirass, and helmet, and waving plume of the Life Guardsman, presented one of the most brilliant and interesting spectacles imaginable, and such as is rarely witnessed by the peace-loving people of the country.

Her Majesty, who was on horseback, was dressed in a scarlet jacket with a gold sash across it, and had on a black hat trimmed with a gold band and white plume, and she rode between his Royal Highness Prince Albert and his Royal Highness Field Marshal the Duke of Cambridge. His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia was present on horseback, as were the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, both of whom were dressed in the Royal tartan. The Princess Royal was in one of the Royal carriages. Immediately on the Queen and the Royal *cortége* entering within the lines they were received with loud cheers. After proceeding to the pavilion the Royal party turned round and took a circuit of the ground, passing in front of the assembled force, the bands of the respective regiments playing the national anthem and other airs. Her Majesty having placed herself immediately in front, Sir C. Wood and Lord Panmure then severally called their respective gallant men forward to receive their well-merited honors at the hands of the Sovereign; and as each member of the order came forward, he was presented to the Queen, and her Majesty, leaning from her horse, attached the decoration to his breast. He then passed on, and received words of congratulation from Prince Albert. The decorations were contained in a handsome morocco-covered box, and each was carefully enveloped in pink tissue paper. Two official persons were in attendance to unfold each order and hand it to Lord Panmure or Sir Charles Wood, who handed it to the Queen. There had been some expectation that her Majesty would dismount, and a portion of the greensward was covered with crimson drugget, upon which a kind of dais was placed; the Queen, however, did not alight, and immediately after the presentation the dais was removed. The ceremony of the presentation occupied scarcely more than ten minutes. When it was over the troops marched past in open column—artillery and cavalry at a walk, the infantry in slow time. Secondly, in quarter distance column of troops and companies—artillery and cavalry at a trot, infantry in quick time; officers in command of regiments and brigades passing on with their respective commands. The field batteries and infantry then resumed their original position.

PRINCE ALBERT PROMOTED TO BE HIS WIFE'S HUSBAND.

At a late Council an order was passed for publishing a Letter Patent, by which the Queen grants to Prince Albert the title of "Prince Consort" during their joint lives. No one can object to the distinction which is thus conferred on the husband of the Queen after seventeen years of married life. Hitherto the Prince has had no British rank whatever. Philip of Spain was titular King of England, but the consort of the present Queen is only what he was prior to his marriage—a Prince of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He has not even received a British peerage. Although a naturalized subject of the British Crown, Prince Albert has hitherto borne only his German title, and out of England takes, we believe, according to the code of Court precedence, only his rank as a younger brother of a Ducal German House. Although styled "Royal" in England, and no doubt invested by courtesy with Royal honors in friendly States, the Prince has by birth a claim only to the title of "Serene Highness," and must yield precedence to numerous scions of Continental Royalty, whose lot is obscure comparatively with his own.

AN ANECDOTE OF BULWER.

At Sir Benjamin Hall's party to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, a few evenings ago, a very young lady, niece to the right honorable baronet, went out on the balcony with a friend to look at the variegated lamps which were hung amidst the ivy. Some part of her head-dress fluttering over the flames, it ignited, and in one moment she was wrapped in a blaze. A gentleman behind her, with admirable presence of mind, tore off his coat and enveloped her completely, putting his hat on her head, where her hair was already on fire, and extinguished the flames. The whole scene was beheld from Hyde Park, where a number of persons were collected looking at the illumination when the accident occurred. It is understood the gentleman was Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The young lady escaped with a few slight burns on the shoulders and back, and the honorable baronet was burned in the hands. Both parties are, however, doing well.

FRANCE.

RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

The result of the elections is now known. Only six Opposition candidates have been definitively elected—MM. Carnot and Goudchaux, in Paris; Dr. Henon, at Lyons; M. Curé, at Bordeaux; M. Brame, at Lille; and M. Javal, in the Yonne. Out of the 267 elections throughout France, only six will have to be repeated; three in Paris (as already announced), and three in the provinces—namely, one in the Maine-et-Loire, one in the Mayenne, and one in the Somme. The struggle in these three departments, however, lies between Government candidates, and Bonapartists whose zeal is not sufficiently appreciated, and not between the Government and the Opposition, properly so called. All the Legitimist or Orleanist deputies who constituted a nucleus of opposition in the last Legislative Assembly, namely, Count de Montalembert, Duke d'Uzes, and MM. de Civrac and Charlier have been thrown out.

THE VOTE IN PARIS.

There are 353,969 registered electors in Paris, and the Government, notwithstanding its immense influence, and the extraordinary efforts it has used, has only been able to poll 110,525 votes, or considerably less than one-third of the whole number. The total number at present known of votes given to the opposition candidates is 92,319; but this number will be considerably augmented by the addition of the odd votes given, according to individual fancy, to people not regularly in the field, and which are called "lost votes." Some votes also will have been given to Ledru Rollin and other refugees, and of those no return will be made. It will therefore turn out that, in one way or another, the number of Opposition and Government bulletins actually deposited in the ballot-boxes was pretty nearly equal. Then, bearing in mind the fact announced by M. Haussmann in his circular of June 21, that certain parties had adopted abstention as a system of Opposition tactics, we arrive at the conclusion that the majority of the inhabitants of Paris are dissatisfied with the political institutions under which they live. Considering the opposition movement was got up late in the day, under enormous difficulties, in the office of two journals, the *Siècle* and the *Presse*, it is really marvelous that the *pronunciamento* should have assumed such extensive proportions.

MORE ROYAL VISITS.

There has been much gossip about another visit to Queen Victoria by the Emperor and Empress, and it is generally supposed that the recent absence of Earl Cowley from Paris has had some reference to it. But on this occasion, should it really take place—and at present there are some little difficulties in the way—the visit will probably be rather to Osborne and Balmoral than to London and Windsor. Between the Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria a real feminine friendship has sprung up; and ever since the royal visit to Paris a very intimate correspondence between the two illustrious ladies has been maintained, and a fervent desire for a meeting is said to be mutually expressed. It is not impossible that the Emperor and Lord Palmerston may both wish that some friendly interchange of this kind may dissipate an unpleasant feeling that has prevailed for some time in the English mind, that Russia has secured an ascendency at the Court of the Tuileries to the prejudice of England.

A GAMBLER'S TRICK.

The police the other night suddenly pounced upon a clandestine gambling-house in one of the streets of the quartier St. Honoré, kept by a Madame G——, *alias* "the Marquise," who had spread her nets so well that she drew to her house many of the foreigners who were inmates of the large hotels near the Louvre. The Marquise, and some other persons who were regarded as her accomplices, were taken off to the Prefecture, and the furniture and every thing on the premises, as usual, confiscated. Among the persons present when the police entered was a very noted Greek, who acquired the nickname of "the Doctor" from the following circumstance: He had learned that a medical man residing in the neighborhood was very rich and very fond of play, but all his endeavors to meet with him had proved unavailing. He at length, however, accomplished his purpose by an ingenious scheme. He hired a comfortable apartment, and, pretending to be ill, sent for the doctor. On that person's arrival he found his patient in bed, and having prescribed, promised to call on the following evening. He did so, and in the sick man's room found several other persons sitting at a table, playing cards, as they said, to amuse their invalid friend. The table was covered with gold. "I am much better this evening, Doctor," said the pretended sick man, and after some few other remarks added, "You have a lucky countenance, Doctor; I wish you would play a few games for me." "With all my heart," replied the doctor, and on the patient giving him ten Napoleons he seated himself at table, and in a short time won 100 Napoleons, which he handed over to the patient, saying that he had several times thought of proposing to go halves with him. "Nothing would have given me greater pleasure," replied the other; "but what is deferred is not lost—do me the pleasure to come at the same hour to-morrow evening, and you shall meet the same party." The doctor did so, and for two or three successive nights, and after being allowed at first to win, was ultimately a loser of about 25,000 francs. On the fourth night he returned, hoping to retrieve his losses, when he found the bird flown, the apartment having only been taken for a week.

A SINGULAR DEATH.

A person named S——, a clerk in a public office in Paris, possesses a small country-house between Chatillon and Plessis-Piquet, to which he is in the habit of going with his family every Saturday on quitting his office, and remaining until Monday morning. Against one of the walls of his garden stands a small house, which, however, has no opening toward his garden except a small loophole for giving ventilation. S—— was not aware that this house was inhabited by any one, and was therefore somewhat surprised, while working in his garden the evening of Sunday week, to see a stone tied to a string let down from the loophole, and with a piece of paper attached to it. Thinking it was merely the frolic of some children who might have got into the house, he took no notice of it, and left on Monday morning as usual. On his return on the Saturday following he was surprised to see the stone and paper still hanging there, and taking the latter, he opened it. To his astonishment he found written on the paper, "I am seriously ill, and can not move. Come to my assistance for the love of Heaven." S—— was in consternation, and calling to his assistance a man who was working in an adjoining field, they broke into the house, where on the ground they found the lifeless body of a man lying on the floor. Near him was a sheet of paper on which was written, "Write immediately to M. L——, Rue St. Louis, Versailles." An inquiry was immediately instituted, when it was found that the deceased, after a life of dissipation, had, with what remained of his fortune, purchased the little cottage where he had lived alone, going out merely to take his meals at a wine-shop near. S—— reproaches himself for not having looked at the paper at first, as the poor man's life might in all probability have been saved.

A KING IN A TIGHT PLACE.

The following story is going the round of the Parisian *salons*, as an explanation of the mysterious direction to the public journals to omit all notice of the visit of the King of Bavaria to the Imperial Museum of Artillery: "It seems that the King of Bavaria, known for the great interest he takes in armor of every kind, was much pleased with the helmet worn by Charles VIII. at Marignan, and which is remarkable for the mechanical ingenuity with which it closes round the neck so as to remove the pressure from the brow. The King turned and examined the helmet minutely, and, led away by the admiration, could not resist the temptation of trying it on. The spring which clasps it just below the left ear snapped-to immediately, and his Majesty walked for some minutes up and down the gallery, highly delighted with the experiment, and peculiarly charmed with the ease with which so heavy a weight could be borne so lightly. When his Majesty had tried the head-gear sufficiently, he requested the assistance of his aid-de-camp to free himself from the encumbrance; but the aid-de-camp, unused to mechanics, having bungled the springs for a few minutes, was fain to give up the job, and passed it into the hands of his neighbor. The latter was still more unsuccessful, for he tightened the eyelet-hole into which the spring snaps, and caused the collar of the helmet to press upon the royal nerves in a most distressing and unpleasant manner, while his Majesty's nose, likewise being German, was beginning to resent the restraint placed upon its liberty by the delicate space provided by the armorer for the thin and narrow proboscis of Charles VIII.; and altogether the position of the wearer of the helmet was beginning to be of the most uncomfortable kind, when it was clearly perceived that more cleverness and aptitude for the arts was required to extricate his Majesty from the trap into which he had strayed. At the first proposition of sending for a workman, with hammer and pincers, of course great indignation was excited; but what was to be done? It was clear that his Majesty could not go back to the Tuileries *affublé* with the helmet of Charles VIII., nor could he be seen in Paris like a carnival masquerader; so need, which makes brave men of us all, soon lent his Majesty the courage to submit to the operation; and a dexterous fellow from the *atelier* having been sent for, his Majesty was fain to lie in patient endurance while the brass screws placed there by the Italian armorer to secure the royal head of Charles VIII. were removed, to give relief to his Majesty, Maximilian. The strictest secrecy was commanded to be observed concerning the adventure, and the journals were warned lest the story should get abroad, and expose the King to such ridicule as would necessarily fall upon his head should it become known during his stay in Paris, where a ridicule of this sort is never forgiven, but sticks to a man, like his skin, forever and ever."

MARKET VALUE OF CHILDREN IN PARIS.

A steamboat, in March, 1856, belonging to a company at Paris, ran down a coal barge in the canal of St. Quentin, and caused the bargeman, named Feneuil, his wife, his mother, and his three children to fall into the water. It was not without difficulty that they were got out, and, when that was effected, the elder child was found to be dead; the elder woman was, besides, so affected that she became insane. The barge and its cargo were fully insured, and the insurance was duly paid; but Feneuil brought an action before the Civil Tribunal against the company to obtain an indemnity for the loss of his child, and as it appeared that the accident had been caused by the negligence of the people in the steamer, the Tribunal gave him 6000 francs. Yesterday the company appealed to the Imperial Court for a reduction of the sum as excessive, but the Court confirmed it.

GERMANY.

TAKING OUT AN EYE TO MEND IT.

The Leipsic *Journal of Literature, Science, and Art*, publishes an account of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Graeff in diseases of the eye, and the wonderful cures he performs. He has found the ball of the eye to be transparent, and by a curious instrument examines minutely the interior, takes it out and performs any necessary surgical operation, and replaces it without injury to its appearance or vision. A young girl had long been afflicted with the most excruciating pain in the left eye, the cause of which the most learned could not understand. Dr. Graeff found in the centre of the ball a little worm, which he removed, and restored the poor creature immediately to health and perfect sight.

INDIA.

THE NATIVE INSURRECTION.

The India overland mail has arrived at London with voluminous accounts confirmatory of the telegraphic announcement of the mutiny in the Indian army. The details are somewhat less alarming than the bare telegraphic accounts of the movement, which would be confined to Delhi. Troops were marching from every side against the town mutineers in the Punjaub, and every precaution had been taken to trample out the first spark of treason. Meerut and Delhi were placed under martial law, and the native Princes were sending contingents to the British forces and to Meerut. The native troops had murdered every officer on whom they could lay their hands at Delhi. It was supposed that Mr. Fraser, the Commissioner, had fallen, with many men, women, and children. The mutiny had not affected the troops at other stations.

France, at the request of England, is to send out fourteen transports with troops to China. This will be done at the request of England, in order to prevent the withdrawing of British troops from India for the China war, as was at first contemplated, the startling news of the mutiny among the native troops of the former country having made their presence there more than ever necessary. Later accounts state that a reinforcement of 14,000 troops are to be sent immediately to India.

CANADA.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

During the recent session of the Canadian Parliament 398 bills were introduced, and 227 passed. Of those introduced, only twenty-three appear to have originated in the Legislative Council, and of those but eighteen passed. The number of bills introduced by Upper Canada members was considerably greater than those introduced by members from other sections of the province. Two hundred and nineteen bills were introduced by the members from Upper Canada, while only 216 were introduced from Lower Canada; and of the bills that passed, 135 were introduced by Upper Canada members, against 74 in charge of the Lower Canada members. The difference is mainly made up by private bills, there being a larger number of industrial associations in Upper than in Lower Canada seeking Acts of Incorporation. The prolific character of the legislation is owing to the prevalence of private bill legislation—a growing evil in all the States as well as in Canada.

THE DISASTER ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

From the following incident at the inquest on the victims of the steamboat burning on the St. Lawrence, it would appear that Connery may be outdone:

After this melancholy scene of recognizing the dead in this shed was over, the Coroner stated that ere he proceeded to the shed on the adjoining wharf, he would cause those identified to be searched and buried. This work occupied several hours. I expected to see the jury present, but they were not. The Coroner and his Clerk alone superintended the proceeding, and the scene was shocking and disgraceful beyond expression. I will endeavor to describe it.

A man named O'Neill, keeper of a sailors' boarding-house, acted as the Coroner's deputy, or in some such capacity in the business. He stood by, apparently the worse for liquor, with a cigar in his mouth, his sleeves turned up, and a knife in his hand to cut the pockets or clothes in order to facilitate the search; and as the dead are brought before him for examination, he made them subjects of his vulgar, heartless, ribald wit. For instance, when the first body was brought before him that I saw, he said, with a laugh, "There, lie quiet now, my man; I will not hurt you for the world." As he turned over the body, he found some tobacco, and drew it from his pocket. "A man fond of tobacco, this fellow—don't hurt his neck." And he looked round for and received from his myrmidons and the police smiles approving of his wondrous coolness and the pungency of his wit.

The next being brought forward, he spoke in a tone of mock pity: "This is a foreigner in a strange land; don't ill-use him, lads," and then, roughly, "Come, carpenter, go ahead, and nail the b——r up." Over the next: "This is a Canadian—take care of him." The next was a female, and he said, in a mocking tone, "This is a lady; handle her carefully—she is delicate." Shortly after another poor fellow was hauled out, and this brute calls out: "This fellow is not recognized, Coroner."

THE CORONER. "Does any one know this man?"

THE CAPTAIN OF THE *Mackenzie*. "This man came aboard my ship to entice sailors away. I ordered him off, but it seems he got aboard the steamer."

O'NEILL. "Yes, this is a d—d crimp. We boarding-housekeepers pay such chaps 5s. a head for getting us boarders. He made nothing by this operation. We need not search him. He will have nothing on him but a revolver, a knife, or a chew of tobacco."

CORONER. "I suppose he is what you call a hard case."

O'NEILL. "Yes."

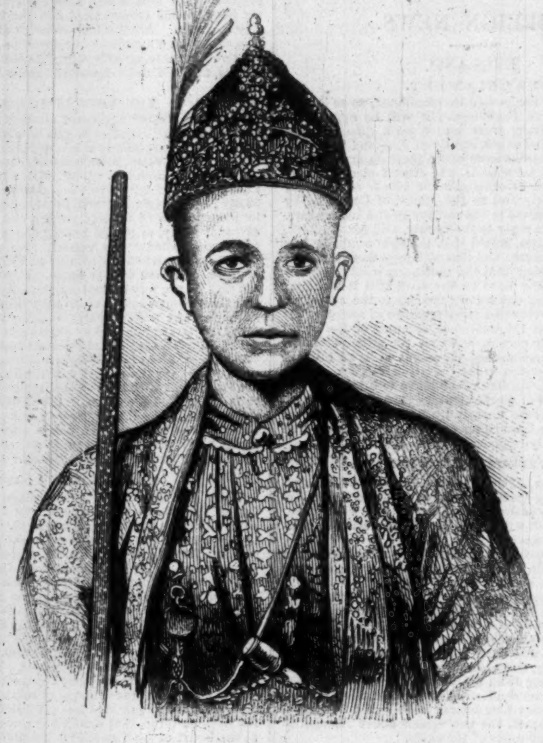
At this there was a general laugh in the official circle, the Coroner joining. But these details are too disgusting to give at greater length.

THE SIAMESE—THE FRANKS OF ASIA.

ONE of the latest treaties registered at the Department of State is the new commercial treaty with Siam, negotiated by Mr. Townsend Harris. It was accompanied by a number of presents from the two kings of Siam—elaborately-carved swords and spears, gold snuffboxes, and various products of the industry and agriculture of that interesting country. The two kings express a strong desire to cultivate pleasant and profitable relations with the United States.

There are many reasons why Siam, or the country of the Franks, deserves to be better known. It is a fine, fertile country, as large as Oregon, and extending from the vicinity of the equator to cold, mountain regions of 22° and 23° north latitude. It is peopled by a race industrious, ingenious, and amiable. It is governed by hereditary monarchs. The two present incumbents of the throne are honest, conscientious men, who have studied foreign languages and foreign customs, write an excellent letter in English, and seem sincerely anxious to develop their country on rational and liberal principles. Finally, it is the natural breakwater between the Empire of China and the swelling tide of British India. When the gunboat squadron now fitting out in England shall have fought its way up the Hoang-ho and the Yang-tse-kiang, while a military force advances from Rangoon up the Irawaddy, Siam and its neighbors, Laos and Annam, will be the only barrier that can prevent a junction of the invaders, and an entire subjugation of the south-eastern point of Asia. It is now abundantly manifest that the English are not going to accept any satisfaction in this Chinese quarrel short of a free entry to the rivers; with their forts on the Hong Keang and its tributaries on the one side, at Singapore, Pulo Penang, Rangoon, and Ava on the other, the kings of Siam will find themselves pretty much in the position which was occupied, three years ago, by the sick Sultan of Turkey.

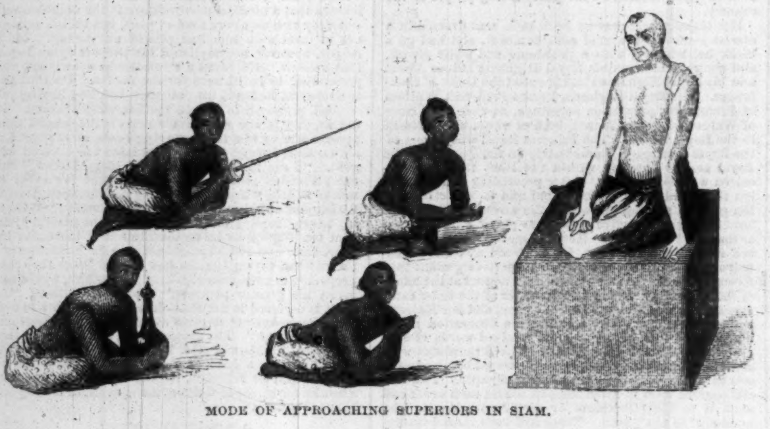
The Siamese, like all Asiatic nations, pretend to a very high antiquity; their dynastic chronicles remount to the age of Pericles. Of course it is impossible to disentangle the fact from the fiction. A few general facts may be gleaned from the mass. For many centuries Siam seems to have been governed by kings. Wars between Siam and its neighbors of the Malayan peninsula, Burmah, Annam, Cambodia, and China, seem to have been chronic. Some dispatches illustrate the wit of the Asiatic diplomatists of olden time. "What," said the Siamese negotiator, in reply to a menace of the Peguans, "you overcome us! As well may a white ant try to overthrow Mount Meru!" And the Peguans, "Are the Peguans only posts, to which the Siamese elephants are to be tied?" For the last five hundred years Siam—though known emphatically as the land of the Franks, or freemen—has been a tributary of China. The tribute appears to have been complimentary rather than onerous; but the kings of Siam seem to have considered a species of feudal investiture at the hands of a Chinese officer a necessary formality. We read of a king whose name was only Shanlitpaklapchiukulungpimahulukwanz, who could not be induced to exercise his functions as monarch till this investiture had taken place, and he had been supplied with a new seal direct from Pekin.



S P P M Mongkut
Rex Siamensium

Of one of the most eminent of the later kings of Siam, the reigning monarch wrote the following account for Sir John Bowring: "Our said ancestor 'Phra Acksom Sundom Smiantra' went to Northern Siam upon the time of the Ayndia being seighed by Burman army, on the Christian years 1765 and 1766, to obtain new situation for refuge, leaving all legitimate sons who were married, and live with their own families, for the consequences of difficulty in going with large party in very hurricane and hindersome manner of journey. . . . In his distress there, our ancestor took refuge at a town out of the city, where he was died of fiver, and burn by his maid servant, wife, and son born of her." So there was an end of him, and one of the legitimate sons whom the "very hurricane and hindersome manner of journey" had happily kept at home, succeeded him. After his death his eldest son, and after his demise the present king, S. P. P. M. Mongkut ascended the Siamese throne.

He leads a tolerably pleasant life. His revenue is about $18,000,000 a year: he has no end of fine palaces and retainers; his hareem is stocked with some 600 ladies, many of whom are young and lovely. No one in his kingdom dares to look him in the face; the highest nobles of Siam—and there are high aristocrats there—actually crawl on the ground when they approach him. Still, he is not a bad fellow at bottom. When Sir John Bowring had his first interview with him, a few months ago, he met his majesty by moonlight in a garden. He was clad in a crimson dress, with a tiara glittering with diamonds, and a golden girdle; his throne was richly ornamented. He offered Sir John a cigar, as any civilized white man might have done; and though he rather astonished one of the suite by suggesting that his wife might get up and perform among the ballet-dancers, as the royal ladies did, on the whole his behavior was gentlemanly. On the occasion of his second visit, Sir John was rather tickled at seeing his majesty surrounded by a group of his children—boys and girls—whose only costume was a broad-brimmed hat. It seems he is fatherly. On grand occasions he is seen surrounded by his nobility; being tropical, they go naked to the waist, with tulle breeches or petticoats covered with flowered, gold-embossed lace. The ornaments of the palace are almost exclusively English. Pictures of the Queen and Prince Albert hang in many rooms, and his majesty sits in a chair made at Birmingham. When Sir John sat down to discuss his new treaty, an attendant placed beside him a silver spittoon inlaid with gold.



MODE OF APPROACHING SUPERIORS IN SIAM.

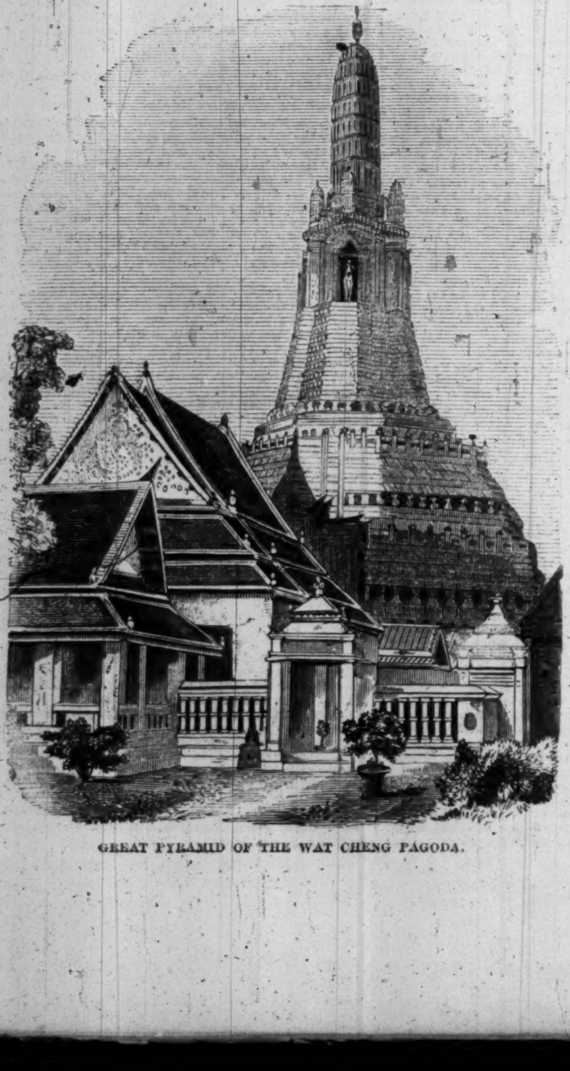
The second king, who is the heir-apparent, takes no part in politics, and amuses himself with science and religion. When he has time he is going to bring out an improved theory of Buddhism, which he says is a shade superior to the Protestantism of the American missionaries. He is a quiet, pleasant gentleman. The Prime Minister, Phra Kalahom, is an energetic, enlightened man, in favor of commercial progress, and keenly anxious to develop the country. The most important of the nobility are a family named Somdetch, which numbers over forty persons; they seem to be stupid and bigoted, yet exercise considerable authority over the royal mind.

The ladies of Siam are said to be a very fine variety of the Asiatic female. They are modest and virtuous; and though they class as slaves, and approach their husbands, if of high rank, by crawling on all-fours, seem to possess no small share of good qualities. Their common dress, like that of the men, is a piece of cotton cloth, wound round the waist, the ends of which, after passing between the legs, are tucked in behind. Many wear a jacket; and young unmarried women use a scarf to cover the bust; but very few hide the legs or feet, which are well shaped. Girls are fond of jewelry, and it is not uncommon to see gold and silver hearts performing the part of the ancient fig-leaf. The most perilous period of life for a Siamese lady is *after* she has given birth to a child. Then her religion requires her to sit for days and weeks together before a scorching fire—when the thermometer in the shade outside may be 95°. It seems that this roasting is considered a necessary purification; it is steadily persevered in, though several ladies, among others the first queen of the reigning king, have died of it.

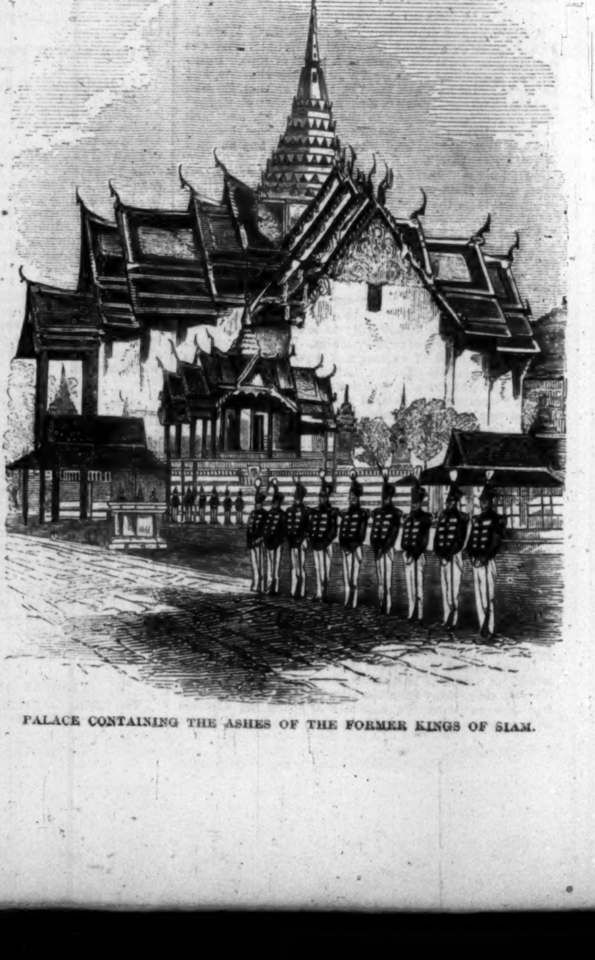
The Siamese, like all Orientals, are polygamists, and the nobility count their wives as Solomon did his, by the hundred. When the present chief of the Roman Catholic missionaries in Siam—the Bishop Pallegoix—was traveling in the interior, he fell in with a well-intentioned, intelligent chief, who entertained him, and was glad to listen to his arguments in favor of Christianity. He was struck by them; on a candid comparison he thought Christianity preferable to Buddhism or any other religion he knew. The indulgences pleased him amazingly. But when the pious Bishop, in the course of his exposition, came to the subject of matrimony, and informed the Siamese that he must be content with one wife, the chief rose up: "Holy man," said he, "that is enough. The controversy is closed. The condition you propose is impossible to a well-bred Siamese."

The sanguine hopes which were entertained twenty-five years ago, of a conversion of the Siamese to Christianity have not, it must be confessed, been in any degree realized. The Roman Catholic missions are in a less flourishing condition at present than they ever were. And the Protestants, who wrote in 1833 that "this land [Siam] would soon be Immanuel's," are driven to admit, in 1856, that their zealous and gallant efforts have been almost wholly fruitless. The mission established in 1833 by the American Baptist Missionary Union has, after twenty-three years of arduous labor, added to the church ten professing Christians from the Siamese: the force engaged consists of three clergymen and their families, a printer, and a teacher. The Mission connected with the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church has two clergymen and families, and a surgeon on the spot; it has flourished for sixteen years, and has made two converts. Sir John Bowring doubts whether conviction has been carried to the mind of a single intelligent Siamese by the missionary efforts: though he speaks loudly in praise of the missionaries, and of the good they have done in printing works in the Siamese tongue, and practicing medicine. Their schools, too, must prove hereafter of substantial benefit. The late King of Siam warned the missionaries that the only effect of their coming to the country would be their conversion to Buddhism, and threw obstacles in the way of their distribution of Bibles and missionary books: the present King, though more tolerant, objected to the journeys which the American missionaries made to the coast from time to time, and at last prohibited them altogether. Sir John Bowring had the satisfaction of having this prohibition removed, for which he received the thanks of the missionaries in a very graceful letter.

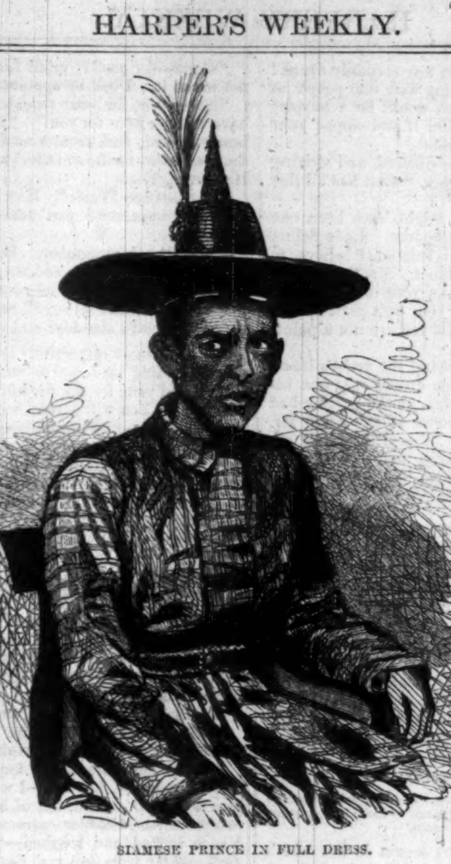
Their own religion—Buddhism—is deeply ingrained in them. It is elaborately explained and developed in their devotional books, which are very numerous. Their books of Priestly Maxims, which may correspond to our Bible, enumerate the sins which, if committed by a priest, will be punished by the Deity. Among other warnings we find: "Eat no rice after mid-day. Speak of nothing but what is in keeping with religion. Give no flowers to women. Borrow nothing from secular persons. Swing not your arms in walking. Mount no tree. Work not for money. Make no incisions which bring blood. When you eat, make no noise like dogs—chibi, chibi, chiabi, chiabi. It is a sin to walk the streets in a non-contemplative mood. It is a sin to stretch out the feet when sitting. To cook rice is a sin. To wear shoes which hide the toes is a sin. It is sinful to receive any thing from the hand of a woman. It is a sin in laughing to raise the voice. It is a sin to mourn for dead relations. To sleep on an elevated place is a sin. To eat and talk at the same time is a sin. It is sinful to forge iron. A priest who whistles for his amusement commits



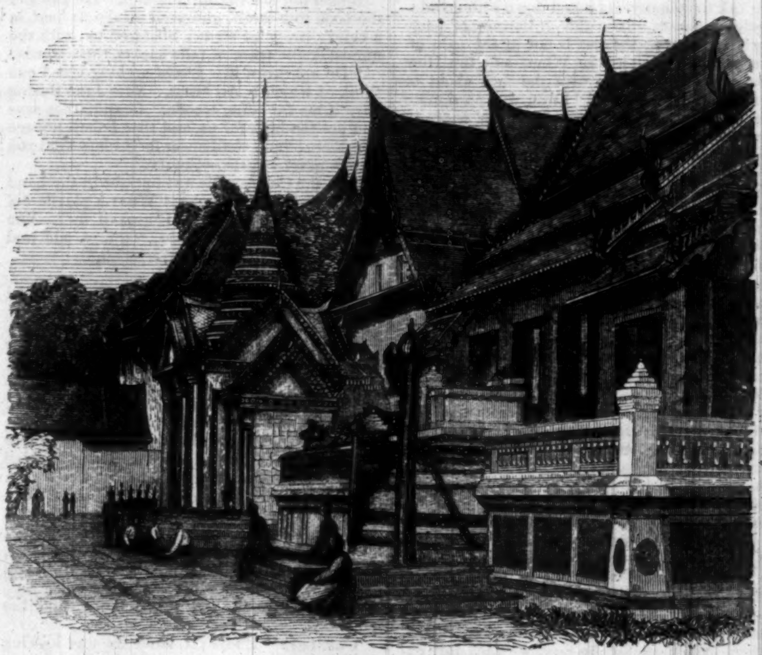
GREAT PYRAMID OF THE WAT CHENG PAGODA.



PALACE CONTAINING THE ASHES OF THE FORMER KINGS OF SIAM.



SIAMESE PRINCE IN FULL DRESS.



PALACE AT BANGKOK.

a sin. To light a fire is sinful. To ask alms every day in the same place is a sin. A priest sins who in eating slobbers his mouth like a little child. A priest sins if he eat without crossing his legs, or if, when speaking with seculars, he stretches out his legs."

It would be difficult to frame rules more admirably adapted to render the Siamese priests useless nuisances. Their importance is best appreciated when it is understood that every Siamese of good family is at some time or other a candidate for the priesthood; and is duly admitted to the order, if he can prove that he is neither a leper, nor mad, nor impotent, nor insolvent, nor a slave, nor a minor, nor a pauper. The present King was for twenty-three years a priest, and religiously performed his vows.

For the punishment of the wicked the framers of the Buddhist faith have invented eight different hells. In the first the victim is cut to pieces; the pieces are joined anew by a fierce wind, and the dissection is repeated perpetually. In this hell a day is equal to 900,000 years. In the second the victim endures unspeakable torments on a floor of molten iron; the days here are 36,000,000 years long. In the third the sufferers are transformed into beasts with human heads, and are chased by devils up hill and down dale; they die a hundred deaths, but invariably resuscitate. In the fourth hell the floor consists of lotus leaves covering iron spikes, on which the victims are forcibly flung; they lie on the spikes screaming for 4000 years, every day of which is equal to 76,000,000 of our years. This hell is called the Hell of Screams. The fifth differs from the fourth only in respect of the spikes, which are red hot; when the victims try to escape they are chased by devils, which batter them with iron hammers. In the sixth hell the sufferers are roasted before fierce fires, and eaten by dogs with iron teeth; after each consumption by the dogs they revive to undergo the operation afresh. This lasts for 16,000 years. The seventh hell consists of a high mountain, up which the damned climb; at the bottom are red-hot iron spikes, on which they are impaled. This hell is appropriated to kings. The eighth hell is a lake of unquenchable fire. In it the damned are so crowded that they can not move, and their torments endure till the end of the world.

Lest this elaborate contrivance of *post mortem* torment should not suffice to secure general morality and good behavior among the people, the Siamese law has certain gentle persuasive methods of its own. In prison criminals and debtors are all chained together by one long chain, and it is said that they are often so crowded that there is scarcely room for them to lie down. Bad fellows wear the cangue, an iron collar, handcuffs, leg gyves, and an iron belt—a very pretty toilet. Criminals of note are ingeniously tortured. When the King of Laos was delivered up to the Siamese by the Cochin-Chinese in 1828, he was confined in an iron cage under the burning sun, and compelled to proclaim unceasingly that the King of Siam was great, good, and merciful. He had a sharp-pointed spike to sit on: beside him a mortar to pound him in, a boiler to boil him in, a hook to hang him by, and a sword to decapitate him. Every day or two his young children were thrust into the cage with him. He was, however, a very mild, weak old man, and died one night before the Siamese had time to use their instruments of torture on him.

The common mode of execution is beheading; but nobles are thrust into a sack and beaten to death. *Noblesse oblige*, as the French say. When a murder has taken place, every body in the neighborhood is flung into prison, and detained until the judges choose to liberate them. Connery would be a treasure in Siam.

Next to the nobility the highest personages in Siam are the white elephants. They are very rare. The common elephant abounds in the jungle, and is very tractable, and sagacious. Most of the stories about the sagacity of elephants are of Siamese origin. It seems certain that they are keenly sensitive to affronts, even such affronts as the removal of their gold and silver collars; and a well-authenticated story declares that a common elephant, on whose skull his keeper had cracked a cocoa-nut shell, carried pieces of the shell for several days in his trunk, and seized the first opportunity of killing the keeper and laid the pieces of shell on his body. Without these elephants it would be impossible to traverse the tropical jungles of Siam.

But the prince of elephants is the white variety; which, by-the-way, is not white, but flesh color. A man who captures a white elephant is a noble for life. A road is cut for the brute to the Meinam, and he is brought to the capital on a raft. He is received by princes of the blood, and after his installation he takes rank after them, and is called your Highness. He is fed in vessels of gold and silver. A diadem is placed on his head, and his slaves approach him kneeling. The court physician attends him in illness; at the bath, one officer guards him, while another holds a red parasol over his head. He is lulled to sleep with soft music. He holds levees, though it is not stated that his conversation is brilliant. He is, in short, one of the most potent and important dignitaries of the kingdom.

White monkeys are likewise objects of especial honor; but next to the elephant the most curious animal in Siam is the amphibious fish. These curious creatures, which resemble a carp in shape, travel great distances over land during showers. They are sometimes met with full a mile from any water, and the pools which are created by every fall of rain are full of them on the day after the shower. A gentleman once tried to breed these fish in fish-ponds; they succeeded well enough during the dry weather; but after the first storm they disappeared. They had traveled overland to a new home. The Siamese call them Plaxon.

Siam is supposed to contain six millions of souls, of whom one-third are pure Siamese, and the remainder Chinese, Malays, and others, natives of the Malayan peninsula. These six millions inhabit the banks of the great River Meinam and its tributaries, and the shore of the Gulf, most of the country inland being mere jungle; so that, for the space inhabited, the population is pretty dense.

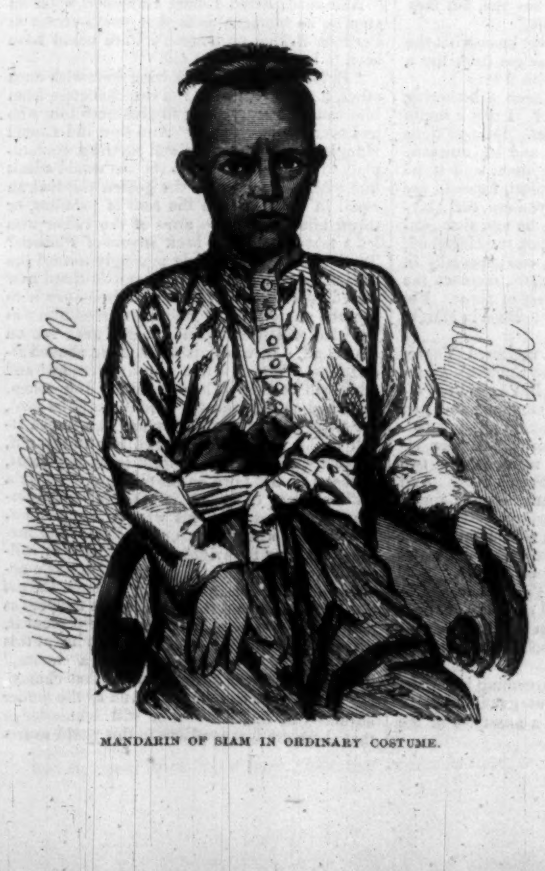
The chief, the only large city is Bangkok, which lies on both sides the Meinam, about twenty miles from the sea as the crow flies. It is a fine city, of something like 400,000 souls (exact statistics are not to be had), covering as much ground as an American or European city of three times the population. A few houses are built of stone or brick; but the bulk are mere bamboo huts, and very many are floating houses moored to the side of the river, and removed from time to time. In such a climate the bamboo naturally becomes very conbustible; fires are frequent; but with a rigorous sagacity the Siamese law ordains that when a man's house has taken fire he shall be seized, imprisoned, marched through the kingdom between two constables, and made to cry at every village, "My house was burned, take warning by me!"

Bangkok used to be, two hundred years ago, a great place of trade, second only to Calcutta and Canton. But certain monopolies, established in favor of the king and the nobility, have destroyed its commerce, or thrown it into the hands of the Chinese, of whom there are more at Bangkok than of pure Siamese. And the Chinese, who are the greatest peddlers and retailers in the world, never have yet been able to build ships to carry on a respectable foreign trade.

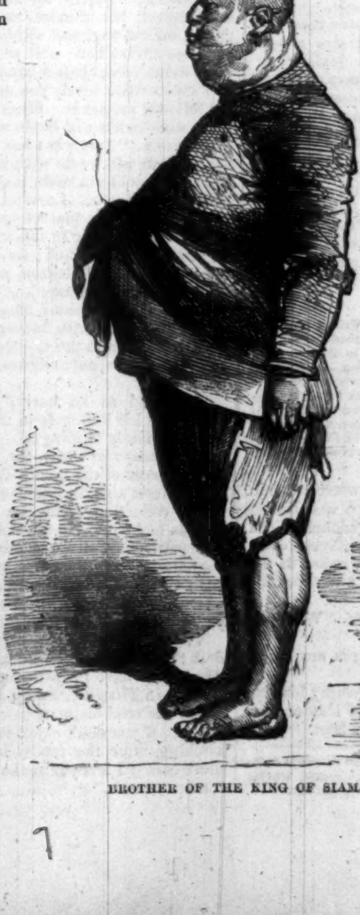
Under the new treaties with England, France, Russia, and the United States, it is expected that a fine trade may be established with Siam. It produces cotton, sugar, rice, teak-wood for ship-building, pepper, tin, tallow, hides, and various tropical fruits, spices, etc., in abundance, and would readily consume a large quantity of foreign hardware, cottons, woolens, etc, Perhaps the largest import at present is opium, of which some 1200 chests find their way from British India into Bangkok. The last American vessels which have been to Siam have taken in cargoes of sugar for China; the Siamese sugar is excellent, and in the present state of the market will no doubt be very largely grown. As ship-building advances, teak-wood will also be in general demand.

Thirty years ago, the advantage of an extended trade with Siam was apparent to the statesmen of this country. Mr. Roberts was instructed to make a treaty with the King, and he did so in the year 1833. President Jackson thought well of the treaty, and expected great things from it. He was disappointed. It was injudiciously framed, and, like Commodore Perry's Japan treaty, was never of the slightest advantage. In the year 1850, Mr. Ballestia went to Bangkok in a United States sloop of war, and tried to negotiate a new one. Various causes, among which the character of the agent chosen and the want of concord between him and the naval authorities, seem to have been prominent, conspired to defeat him, and he achieved nothing; the credit of concluding a satisfactory treaty was left to Mr. Townsend Harris, President Pierce's Commissioner, who wisely followed in Mr. John Bowring's footsteps, and negotiated a very full and complete convention with the two kings in the spring of last year. It is to be hoped that it will not prove a dead letter in practice.

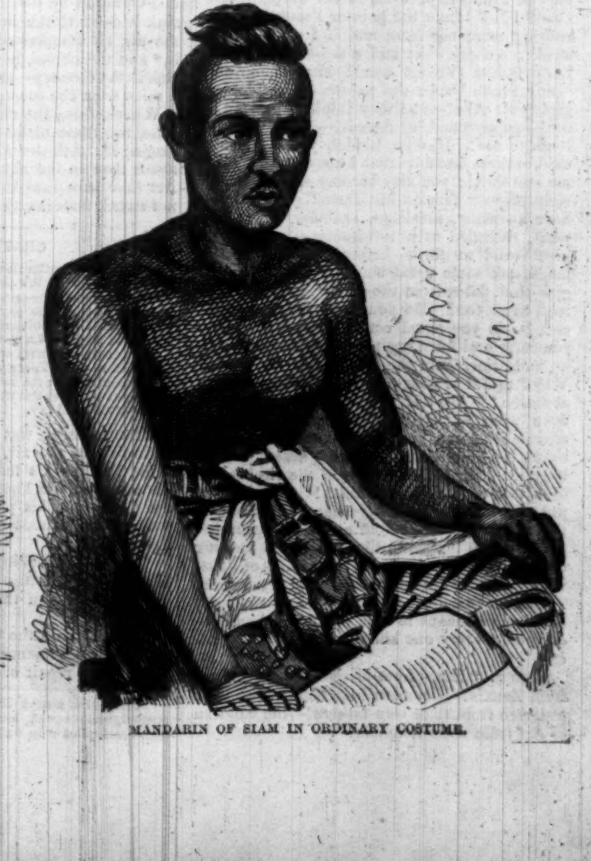
Whatever be the issue of the late insurrection among the Indians of Hindostan, the necessity for American activity in the Asiatic countries is equally obvious. Should British power in Asia be curtailed, the great provinces over which the East India Company's flag has floated must not be allowed to relapse into apathy and barbarism. And should the massacre of Delhi lead to a still further consolidation of British sway in the East, it is high time that the United States bestir themselves to see that all Asia be not converted into an English monopoly.



MANDARIN OF SIAM IN ORDINARY COSTUME.



BROTHER OF THE KING OF SIAM.



MANDARIN OF SIAM IN ORDINARY COSTUME.

7

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

By this chapter it appeareth that he who sets out on a career can scarcely expect to walk in perfect comfort, if he exchange his own thick-soled shoes for dress-boots which were made for another man's measure, and that the said boots may not the less pinch for being brilliantly varnished.—It alsoshoweth for the instruction of Men and States, the connection between democratic opinion and wounded self-love; so that, if some Liberal statesman desire to rouse against an aristocracy the class just below it, he has only to persuade a fine lady to be exceedingly civil "to that sort of people."

Vance, returning late at night, found his friend still up in the little parlor, the windows open, pacing the floor with restless strides, stopping now and then to look at the moon upon the river.

"Such a day as I have had! and twelve shillings for the fly, 'pikes not included," said Vance, much out of humor.

"'I fly from plate, I fly from pomp,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;'

I forget the third line; I know the last is,

'To find my welcome at an inn.'

You are silent: I annoyed you by going—could not help it—pity me, and lock up your pride."

"No, my dear Vance, I was hurt for a moment—but that's long since over!"

"Still you seem to have something on your mind," said Vance, who had now finished reading his letters, lighted his cigar, and was leaning against the window as the boy continued to walk to and fro.

"That is true—I have. I should like your advice. Read that letter. Ought I to go?—would it look mercenary—grasping? You know what I mean."

Vance approached the candles, and took the letter. He glanced first at the signature. "Darrell!" he exclaimed. "Oh, it is so, then!" He read with great attention, put down the letter, and shook Lionel by the hand. "I congratulate you; all is settled as it should be. Go? of course—you would be an ill-mannered lout if you did not. Is it far from hence—must you return to town first?"

Lionel. "No! I find I can get across the country—two hours by the railway. There is a station at the town which bears the postmark of the letter. I shall make for that, if you advise it."

"You knew I should advise it, or you would not have made those researches into Bradshaw."

"Shrewdly said," answered Lionel, laughing; "but I wished for your sanction of my crude impressions."

"You never told me your cousin's name was Darrell—not that I should have been much wiser, if you had, but, thunder and lightning, Lionel, do you know that your cousin Darrell is a famous man?"

Lionel. "Famous!—nonsense. I suppose he was a good lawyer, for I have heard my mother say, with a sort of contempt, that he had made a great fortune at the bar!"

Vance. "But he was in Parliament."

Lionel. "Was he? I did not know."

Vance. "And this is senatorial fame! You never heard your school-fellows talk of Mr. Darrell?—they would not have known his name if you had boasted of it!"

Lionel. "Certainly not."

Vance. "Would your school-fellows have known the names of Wilkie, of Landseer, of Turner, Maclise—I speak of Painters!"

Lionel. "I should think so, indeed."

Vance (soliloquizing). "And yet Her Serene Sublimityship, Lady Selina Vipont, says to me with divine compassion, 'Not in the way of your delightful art to know such men as Mr. Darrell!' Oh, as if I did not see through it—oh, as if I did not see through it too when she said, apropos of my jean cap and velveteen jacket, 'What matters how *you* dress? Every one knows who you are!' Would she have said that to the Earl of Dunder, or even to Sir Jasper Stollhead? No. I am the painter Frank Vance—nothing more nor less; and if I stood on my head in a check shirt and a sky-colored apron, Lady Selina Vipont would kindly murmur, 'Only Frank Vance the painter—what does it signify?' Aha!—and they think to put me to use!—puppets and lay figures!—it is I who put them to use! Harkye, Lionel, you are nearer akin to these fine folks than I knew of. Promise me one thing: you may become of their set, by right of your famous Mr. Darrell; if ever you hear an artist, musician, scribbler, no matter what, ridiculed as a tuft-hunter—seeking the great—and so forth—before you join in the laugh, ask some great man's son, with a pedigree that dates from the Ark, 'Are you not a toad-eater too? Do you want political influence?—do you stand contested elections?—do you curry and fawn upon greasy Sam the butcher, and grimy Tom the blacksmith for a vote? Why? useful to your career—necessary to your ambition!' Aha! is it meaner to curry and fawn upon whitehanded women and elegant coxcombs? Tut, tut! useful to a career—necessary to ambition?" Vance paused, out of breath. The spoiled darling of the circles—he—to talk such radical rubbish! Certainly he must have taken his two guineas' worth out of those light wines. Nothing so treacherous! they inflame the brain like fire, while melting on the palate like ice. All inhabitants of light-wine countries are quarrelsome and democratic.

Lionel (astounded). "No one, I am sure, could have meant to call you a tuft-hunter—of course, every one knows that a great painter—"

Vance. "Dates from Michael Angelo, if not from Zeuxis! Common individuals trace their pedigree from their own fathers!—the children of Art from Art's founders! Oh Vance, Vance, you are certainly drunk! If that comes from dining with fine people at the Star and Garter, you would be a happier man and as good a painter if you sipped your toddy in honey-suckle arbors.

"But," said Lionel, bewildered, and striving to turn his friend's thoughts, "what has all this to do with Mr. Darrell?"

Vance. "Mr. Darrell might have been one of the first men in the kingdom. Lady Selina Vipont says so, and she is related, I believe, to every member in the Cabinet. Mr. Darrell can push you in life, and make your fortune, without any great trouble on your own part. Bless your stars, and rejoice that you are not a painter!"

Lionel flung his arm round the artist's broad breast. "Vance, you are cruel!" It was his turn to console the painter, as the painter had three nights before (apropos of the same Mr. Darrell) consoled him. Vance gradually sobered down, and the young men walked forth in the moonlight. And the eternal stars had the same kind looks for Vance as they had vouchsafed to Lionel.

"When do you start?" asked the painter, as they mounted the stairs to bed.

"To-morrow evening. I miss the early train, for I must call first and take leave of Sophy. I hope I may see her again in after-life."

"And I hope, for your sake, that if so, she may not be in the same colored print with Lady Selina Vipont's eyeglass upon her!"

"What!" said Lionel, laughing; "is Lady Selina Vipont so formidably rude?"

"Rude! nobody is rude in that delightful set. Lady Selina Vipont is excruciatingly—civil."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Being devoted exclusively to a reflection, not inappositc to the events in this history, nor to those in any other which chronicles the life of man.

There is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, "Beware of parting!" The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting, it is in the When and the How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view! From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping, to the cordial good-by exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day's blithe and careless excursion—a cord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practiced in resplicing broken ties. Meet again you may: will it be in the same way?—with the same sympathies?—with the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely! Have you not, after even a year, even a month's absence, returned to the same place, found the same groups reassembled, and yet sighed to yourself, "But where is the charm that once breathed from the spot, and once smiled from the faces? A poet has said—"Eternity itself can not restore the loss struck from the minute." Are you happy in the spot on which you tarry with the persons whose voices are now melodious to your ear?—beware of parting; or, if part you must, say not in insolent defiance to Time and Destiny—'What matters?—we shall soon meet again.'"

Alas, and alas! when we think of the lips which murmured, "Soon meet again," and remember how, in heart, soul, and thought, we stood forever divided the one from the other, when, once more face to face, we each inly exclaimed—"Met again!"

The air that we breathe makes the medium through which sound is conveyed; be the instrument unchanged, be the force which is applied to it the same, still, the air that thou seest not, the air to thy ear gives the music.

Ring a bell underneath an exhausted receiver, thou wilt scarce hear the sound; give a bell due vibration by free air in warm daylight, or sink it down to the heart of the ocean, where the air, all compressed, fills the vessel around it,* and the chime, heard afar, starts thy soul, checks thy footstep—unto deep calls the deep—a voice from the ocean is borne to thy soul.

Where, then, the change, when thou sayest, "Lo, the same metal—why so faint-heard the ringing?" Ask the air that thou seest not, or above thee in the sky, or below thee in ocean. Art thou sure that the bell, so faint-heard, is not struck underneath an exhausted receiver?

CHAPTER XIX.

The wandering inclinations of Nomad Tribes not to be accounted for on the principles of action peculiar to civilized men, who are accustomed to live in good houses and able to pay the income-tax.—When the money that once belonged to a man civilized vanishes into the pockets of a nomad, neither lawful art nor occult science can, with certainty, discover what he will do with it.—Mr. Vance narrowly escapes well-merited punishment from the nails of the British Fair.—Lionel Haughton, in the temerity of youth, braves the dangers of a British railway.

The morning was dull and overcast, rain gathering in the air, when Vance and Lionel walked to Waife's lodging. As Lionel placed his hand on the knocker of the private door, the Cobbler, at his place by the window in the stall beside, glanced toward him, and shook his head.

"No use knocking, gentlemen. Will you kindly step in?—this way."

"Do you mean that your lodgers are out?" asked Vance.

"Gone!" said the Cobbler, thrusting his awl with great vehemence through the leather destined to the repair of a plowman's boot.

"Gone—for good!" cried Lionel; "you can not mean it. I call by appointment."

"Sorry, Sir, for your trouble. Stop a bit; I have a letter here for you." The Cobbler dived into a drawer, and, from a medley of nails and thongs, drew forth a letter addressed to L. Haughton, Esq.

"Is this from Waife? How on earth did he know my surname? you never mentioned it, Vance?"

"Not that I remember. But you said you found him at the inn, and they knew it there. It is on the brass plate of your knapsack. No matter—what does he say?" and Vance looked over his friend's shoulder and read:

"Sir,—I most respectfully thank you for your condescending kindness to me and my grandchild; and your friend, for his timely and generous aid. You will pardon me, that the necessity which knows no law obliges me to leave this place some hours before the time of your proposed visit. My grandchild says you intended to ask her sometimes to write to you. Excuse me, Sir: on reflection, you will perceive how different your ways of life are from those which she must tread with me. You see before you a man who—but I forget—you see him no more, and probably never will. Your most humble and most obliged obedient servant, W. W."

Vance. "Who never more may trouble you, trouble you! Where have they gone?"

Cobbler. "Don't know; would you like to take a peep in the crystal? perhaps you've the gift, unbeknown."

Vance. "Not I—Bah! Come away, Lionel."

"Did not Sophy even leave any message for me?" asked the boy, sorrowfully.

"To be sure she did; I forgot—no, not exactly a message, but this—I was to be sure to give it to you." And, out of his miscellaneous receptacle the Cobbler extracted a little book. Vance looked and laughed—"*The Butterflies' Ball and the Grasshoppers' Feast.*"

Lionel did not share the laugh. He plucked the book to himself, and read on the fly-leaf, in a child's irregular scrawl, blistered too with the unmistakable trace of fallen tears, these words:

"Do not Scorn it. I have nothing else I can think of which is All Mine. Miss Jane Burton gave it me for being Goode. Grandfather says you are too high for us, and that I shall not see you More; but I shall never forget how kind you were—never—never.—Sophy."

Said the Cobbler, his awl upright in the hand which rested on his knee, "What a plague did the 'Stronomers discover Herschell for? You see, Sir," addressing Vance, "things odd and strange all come along o' Herschell."

"What!—Sir John?"

"No, the star he poked out. He's a awful star for females!—hates 'em like poison! I suspect he's been worriting hisself into her nativity, for I got out from her the year, month, and day she was born—hour unbeknown—but, calkelating by noon, Herschell was dead agin her in the Third and Ninth House—voyages, travels, letters, news, church matters, and sichlike. But it will all come right after he's transited. Her Jupiter must be good. But I only hope," added the Cobbler, solemnly, "that they won't go a discovering any more stars. The world did a deal better without the new one, and they do talk of a Neptune—as bad as Saturn!"

"And this is the last of her!" said Lionel, sadly putting the book into his breast-pocket. "Heaven shield her wherever she goes!"

Vance. "Don't you think Waife and the poor little girl will come back again?"

Cobbler. "P'raps; I know he was looking hard into the county map at the stationer's over the way; that seems as if he did not mean to go very far. P'raps he may come back."

Vance. "Did he take all his goods with him?"

Cobbler. "Barrin' an old box—nothing in it, I expect, but theatre rubbish—play-books, paints, an old wig, and sichlike. He has good clothes—always had; and so has she, but they don't make more than a bundle."

Vance. "But surely you must know what the old fellow's project is. He has got from me a great sum—what will he do with it?"

Cobbler. "Just what has been a bothering me. What will he do with it? I cast a figure to know—could not make it out. Strange signs in Twelfth House. Enemies and big animals. Well, well, he's a marbellous man, and if he warn't a misbeliever in the crystal, I should say he was under Herschell; for you see, Sir" (laying hold of Vance's button, as he saw that gentleman turning to escape)—"you see Herschell, though he be a sinister chap eno', specially in affairs connected with 'tother sex, disposes the native to dive into the mysteries of natur. I'm a Herschell man, out and outer! Born in March, and—"

"As mad as its hares," muttered Vance, wrenching his button from the Cobbler's grasp, and impatiently striding off. But he did not effect his escape so easily, for, close at hand, just at the corner of the lane, a female group, headed by Merle's gaunt housekeeper, had been silently collecting from the moment the two friends had paused at the Cobbler's door. And this petticoated divan suddenly closing round the painter, one pulled him by the sleeve, another by the jacket, and a third, with a nose upon which somebody had sat in early infancy, whispered, "Please, Sir, take my picter fust."

Vance stared aghast—"Your picture, you drab!" Here another model of rustic charms, who might have furnished an ideal for the fat scullion in *Tristram Shandy*, bobbing a courtesy, put in her rival claim.

"Sir, if you don't objex to coming in to the kitching, after the family has gone to bed, I don't care if I lets you make a minnytur of me for two pounds."

"Miniature of you, porpoise!"

"Polly, Sir, not Porpus—ax pardon. I shall clean myself, and I have a butyful new cap—Honeytun, and—"

"Let the gentleman go, will you?" said a third; "I am supprised at ye, Polly. The kitching unbeknown! Sir, I'm in the nussary—yes, Sir—and missus says you may take me any time, purvided you'll take the babby, in the back parlor—yes, Sir. No. 5 in the High Street. Mrs. Spratt—yes, Sir. Babby has had the small-pox—in case you're a married gentleman with a family—quite safe there—yes, Sir."

Vance could endure no more, and, forgetful of that gallantry which should never desert the male sex, burst through the phalanx with an anathema, blackening alike the beauty and the virtue of those on whom it fell—that would have justified a cry of shame from every manly bosom, and at once changed into shrill wrath the supplicatory tones with which he had been hitherto addressed. Down the street he hurried, and down the street followed the insulted fair. "Hiss—hiss—no gentleman, no gentleman! Aha—skulk off—do—low blaggurd!" shrieked Polly. From their counters shop-folks rushed to their doors. Stray dogs, excited by the clamor, ran wildly after the fugitive man, yelping "in madding bray!" Vance, fearing to be clawed by the females if he merely walked, sure to be bitten by the dogs if he ran, ambled on, strove to look composed, and carry his nose high in its native air, till, clearing the street, he saw a hedgerow to the right—leaped it with an agility which no stimulus less preternatural than that of self-preservation could have given to his limbs, and then shot off like an arrow, and did not stop till, out of breath, he dropped upon the bench in the sheltering honey-suckle arbor. Here he was still fanning himself with his cap, and muttering unmentionable expletives, when he was joined by Lionel, who had tarried behind to talk more about Sophy to the Cobbler, and who, unconscious that the din which smote his ear was caused by his ill-starred friend, had been enticed to go up stairs and look after Sophy in the crystal—vainly. When Vance had recited his misadventures, and Lionel had sufficiently condoled with him, it became time for the latter to pay his share of the bill, pack up his knapsack, and start for the train. Now the station could only be reached by penetrating the heart of the village, and Vance swore that he had had enough of that. "*Peste!*" said he; "I should pass right before No. 5 in the High Street, and the nuss and the babby will be there on the threshold, like Virgil's picture of the infernal regions—

'Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.'

We will take leave of each other here. I shall go by the boat to Chertsey whenever I shall have sufficiently recovered my shaken nerves. There are one or two picturesque spots to be seen in that neighborhood. In a few days I shall be in town; write to me there, and tell me how you get on. Shake hands, and Heaven speed you. But, ah, now you have paid your moiety of the bill, have you enough left for the train?"

"Oh, yes, the fare is but a few shillings; but, to be sure, a fly to Fawley? I ought not to go on foot" (proudly); "and, too, supposing he affronts me, and I have to leave his house suddenly? May I borrow a sovereign? my mother will call and repay it."

Vance (magnificently). "There it is, and not much more left in my purse—that cursed Star and Garter! and those three pounds!"

Lionel (sighing). "Which were so well spent! Before you sell that picture, do let me make a copy."

Vance. "Better take a model of your own. Village full of them; you could bargain with a porpoise for half the money which I was duped into squandering away on a chit! But don't look so grave; you may copy me if you can!"

"Time to start, and must walk brisk, Sir," said the jolly landlord, looking in.

"Good-by, good-by."

And so departed Lionel Haughton upon an emprise as momentous to that youth-errant as Perilous Bridge or Dragon's Cave could have been to knight-errant of old.

"Before we decide on having done with each other, a short visit"—so ran the challenge from him who had every thing to give unto him who had every thing to gain. And how did Lionel Haughton, the ambitious and aspiring, contemplate the venture in which success would admit him within the gates of the golden Carduel an equal in the lists with the sons of paladins, or throw him back to the arms of the widow who let a first floor in the back streets of Pimlico? Truth to say, as he strode musingly toward the station for starting, where the smoke-cloud now curled from the wheel-track of iron—truth to say, the anxious doubt which disturbed him was not that which his friends might have felt on his behalf. In words, it would have shaped itself thus, "Where *is* that poor little Sophy! and what will become of her—what?" But, when, launched on the journey, hurried on to its goal, the thought of the ordeal before him forced itself on his mind, he muttered inly to himself, "Done with each other; let it be as he pleases, so that I do not fawn on his pleasure. Better a million times enter life as a penniless gentleman, who must work his way up like a man, than as one who creeps on his knees into fortune, shaming birthright of gentleman, or soiling honor of man." Therefore taking into account the poor cousin's vigilant pride on the *qui vive* for offense, and the rich cousin's temper (as judged by his letters) rude enough to present it, we must own that if Lionel Haughton has at this moment what is commonly called "a chance," the question as yet is not, what is that chance, but *what will he do with it?* And as the reader advances in this history, he will acknowledge that there are few questions in this world so frequently agitated, to which the solution is more important to each puzzled mortal, than that upon which starts every sage's discovery, every novelist's plot—that which applies to MAN'S LIFE, from its first sleep in the cradle, "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

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* The bell in a sunk diving-bell, where the air is compressed, sounds with increased power. Sound travels four times quicker in water than in the upper air.

HOW MR. TOLKINS SAW THE FIRE-WORKS.

"I WILL certainly go," said Mr. Tolkins, as he stood before his mirror, balancing a hair-brush in either hand, having just achieved a most difficult division in his back hair. "I will assist in the celebration of my country's independence. Nothing can be more beautiful," he continued, getting excited, and waving the brushes gently, "nothing can be more inspiriting, than to behold Liberty illuminated by—by—by powder! May that liberty," he added, fervently, "be as bright, corruscating, and permanent, as the rockets that announce its anniversary in the heavens! By Jove! that will do splendidly though for my next address on freedom before the Poluphlosboio Thalasses Debating Society."

Tolkins was a young man of fervent imagination, and, having few other outlets, the fire of his intellect chiefly displayed itself in his dress. Viewed on the days when he wore his new, long-waisted Derby coat, he presented somewhat the appearance of those strange men who inhabit the Noah's arks that one purchases at Tuttle's. His legs were entirely lost—envious men with thick legs would say that there was little to lose—and the cylinder into which it was his ambition to transform himself, was terminated at one end by a pair of squeezed feet, and at the other by the elegant countenance and British hat of Mr. Tolkins himself. I have often been reminded, on seeing Tolkins, of the Chinese punishment, when they put the criminal in a long barrel, with his feet sticking out at one end and his head at the other. Instead of being a punishment, however, it was a delight to Tolkins to barrel himself.

It being summer, Tolkins was not quite so cylindrical in his attire on this present occasion. Still the force of his character was easily seen in the long skirts of his white coat, the tightness of his patent-leather pumps, and the brilliancy of his Lisle stockings, which made his feet look as if they had been regularly scored with a knife, and had bled at the gashes.

Having put the last touch to his hair, having given a last rub of the "*cosmetique noir*" to his mustache, having fixed his pocket-handkerchief in his breast-pocket with the embroidered corner well out, having done all this, Tolkins put his night-key in his pocket, and sallied down Broadway to the Park.

The Park on that evening was certainly rather ill-adapted for the display of an elegant toilet. There was too much of what Tolkins, who loved to speak French, called "the canal." The trees blossomed with little boys, whose clothes, more than full-blown, seemed as if they were about to be shed. There were incredible numbers of fat old negresses, who in point of odor seemed to be the ailanthuses of the human tribe. Rowdies with short hair and long necks. Any quantity of small clerks and their wives; and the smaller the clerks were, Tolkins observed, the more anxious they seemed to hoist their wives up in their arms as soon as the fire-works were lit. In short, the Park was a dense mass of ragged, anxious, perspiring, selfish humanity, that trod on its neighbor's toes, and kept its hat on when the colored wheel was lit, and swore when the anxious father elevated the baby between it and the Indian palm-tree that grew and disappeared in a minute and a half.

As Tolkins arrived, a splendid fire-work, named in the programme "The Cabbage of Hindostan," was being displayed. The little boys in the trees shouted, the babies were elevated on high, the short men stood on tip-toe, and the six-footers contrived, by a process known only to six-footers, to stand directly before every body in the crowd, while the "splendid band" played its one air up in the balcony. "The Cabbage of Hindostan" went out, all to one or two wretched fiery points that still continued revolving in a melancholy manner, the agitation of the crowd subsided, and Tolkins took up a favorable position and assumed a picturesque attitude.

It was not long before he was struck by the numberless allusions to Chinese fowls which appeared to circulate through the crowd. The interest of the populace with regard to Shanghais appeared to be intense. The little boys in the trees crowed in a marvelous manner. Some young men close by, without any waistcoats, thought that Barnum ought to purchase that Shanghai and exhibit him. Others suggested that he would make a good illumination if properly lit. Tolkins looked around him for the bird so frequently alluded to, and though he saw a number of people laughing, there was no Oriental fowl visible. Tolkins thought this odd, but just then his entire mind was absorbed by a tremendous discovery. A female was looking at him! A pretty female too, with great gilt earrings and blue stones in them, a wonderful bonnet very far back on her head, and hair dressed so as to resemble the section of a bird-cage. She was leaning on a big fellow dressed in black, with a cigar in his mouth, but her whole attention was bestowed on Tolkins.

If any one could have seen Tolkins just then, it would have repaid him for the trouble of looking. The fiery serpents that were just then twisting about the steps of the City Hall, never went through such personal contortions as did Tolkins. He was by turns the statue of the Apollo, the Antinous, the Napoleon at St. Helena, the Ajax defying the Fire-works. He bent and twisted his figure in every possible direction, and when he had passed his hand gently two or three times over his mustache, so as not to rub off the *cosmetique*, he felt convinced that his conquest was complete. How he pitied that big young fellow in black, on whose arm the false one leaned. Poor fellow! he little knew what effect he (Tolkins) was producing on his loved one's affections.

In the midst of these reflections the great event of the evening was announced by the agitation in the crowd and the climbing of additional boys into the trees. A man near Tolkins informed him that "Washington wos a going to go off on a two fifty." But what was Washington to Tolkins? what were all the generals in the world to a man scorching beneath the loveliest eyes in the universe? In his agitation Tolkins took a glass of root beer, for which he paid three cents, and the taste of which never forsook him for months afterward.

A terrific hissing and discharge of colored fires announced the illumination of the Father of his country. There suddenly appeared a fiery temple, in the centre of which appeared a benign man with a big nose, mounted on a curious animal, not unlike the spotted wooden horses with tails of cat's fur that children drag after them when they are supposed to be enjoying the pleasures of the chase. Beneath this tableau ran a fiery scroll which no one was able to read except the reporters of the daily papers, who are supposed to know the name of every fire-work, and decipher every inscription. The band madly struck up its one tune, and the people shouted patriotically in honor of that powdery old gentleman, whose big nose gleamed away most splendidly. In time, however, the temple crumbled into ruins, Washington went out bit by bit, until nothing was left but a leg which was digging a fiery spur into space; the crowd began to move, and the trees began to shower down myriads of boys.

Tolkins, like a clever fellow, was determined not to lose sight of his inamorata; so he waited until she went along with the fellow in black, and saw with delight that she gave him a maddening glance as she passed. He followed close. The crowd pressed them together, when suddenly the fascinating siren shrieked. In a moment all was confusion. The big fellow in black told some one named "Bill" to "hang on to Sally while he settled this Shanghai fellow," and so saying made a dash at poor Tolkins.

"That's it!" shouted the crowd in an ecstasy. "He insulted a woman. Give it to him! Pound the Shanghai!"

"Gracious me! what's the matter?" said Tolkins, when he had received a stunning blow between the eyes. "Let me alone! Don't! I'll call the police!" He said no more. Just then he began to see a number of the most vivid fire-works playing before him. He had a lively sensation of being suddenly struck by the piston of a steam-engine and sent flying off into space; by the time he thought he had reached the moon he was surprised to find a policeman lifting him off the ground. There seemed to be something wrong, too, about his eyes. He seemed to be looking through chinks in his flesh, so narrow had they become.

"Are you hurt?" said the policeman. Tolkins tried to smile scornfully, but to his astonishment, his skin seemed stretched so tight over his face that to smile was entirely out of the question.

"Are you robbed? Had you a watch?" continued the policeman. Tolkins mechanically put his hand in his pocket, but the watch was gone.

"I think I should like to go home," said Tolkins, feebly.

"I'll take you home," said the policeman, and he took him home. Tolkins has declared since that he can not conceive why people should be so foolish as to have fire-works on the Fourth of July, or even five days afterward.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

WHERE SHALL WE GO THIS SUMMER?

MY DEAR, GOOD EDITOR,—Pray tell us, where *are* we to go this summer? The family peace is disturbed; we are all up in arms; each of us has at least one opinion differing from every body else, while some of us actually have two; and the consequent discussions and disagreements are hurtful to our morals.

Mr. C—— comes in, looking idle and lazy, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaims, "Well, young people, have you made up your minds? Now's my time! There's nothing doing down town; and if you want to be off, you must go at once. What is it to be? and where are we to go? Let's have something sensible for once!"

Every body's project bursts forth immediately, and we all talk together at the top of our voices.

"It's to be Saratoga, Sir, isn't it?" cries Margaret, eagerly. Now, I beg to observe, it was only to-day that I had occasion to ask this young lady, "What is the reason, Margaret, that *you* dress yourself for the evening in that ugly, shabby old gown, when you have plenty of new ones to wear?" The reason of this extraordinary self-martyrdom is, it seems, because the fair Margaret is keeping these new and brilliant garments, in all their freshness, for the watering-places. She has a fervent hope that the Springs will carry the day; and amidst the charming toilets always to be seen there, Margaret means to distinguish herself. On this account the arduous labors of *modistes* and seamstresses, that have been going on incessantly for the last two months, are not yet suffered to see the light; nor are we, the companions of her daily life, allowed to profit by the fascinating results. Sacred to some crowded and crushing hotel, the eyes of profane New Yorkers are not permitted to rest upon these robes of grace. All the pretty new "things" are being carefully cherished for public service; those "sweet" morning wrappers, so elegant, and so becomingly *négligée*; those dignified dinner dresses, so handsome, and, oh! so expensive; those ravishing *toilettes de bal*, airy as gossamer, that look as if they would waft the dear wearer down the room at the mere sigh of an ardent lover; all these inspirations of art, and drains on the pocket, are prudently folded aside, while the most hideous, faded old muslins, and pale, worn-out barèges are made to do duty, as quite good enough for home; and what is more ugly than a once very fashionable gown now gone quite out of the fashion?

(By-the-way, that argument about "any thing being good enough for home" is one I never can comprehend. Why are the husbands and fathers not to be honored by our pretty dresses as well as other people? As they generally pay for them, it seems a little unjust. Of course, it is natural to dress in full force for a special lover; but all beyond the family circle, unfortunately, are not lovers, and why are they, strangers and outsiders, to be favored by careful toilets, when the masculine gender at home is not thought of the slightest consequence? Well, Margaret is acting quite on this principle just now, going about so shabby that I am ashamed to see her; and all because we *may* go to Saratoga or Newport for a month or two!)

At the sound of the word *Saratoga*, Paterfamilias says, No, he won't have any more of that —— nonsense!

He likes fishing, you know, and any little stream, with the mere shadow of a trout and swarms of musquitoes, suffices to render him perfectly happy—not that he is invulnerable to the latter torments of creation; far from it; he generally returns from his piscatorial labors with every feature so swollen that he can't look out of his eyes. But that's no matter; if the fish will only bite, he doesn't mind the musquitoes doing so too. This is *his* idea of enjoyment; but how can he expect us to sympathize? We women don't fish—at least in that way; and it's not at all likely that water, a boat, and a fishing-rod would form a programme interesting to *us!*

Our notions are very different. Angelina, for instance, has her brain filled with soft visions of Newport. She likes to see the fashionable creatures, all crinoline and superciliousness, who flaunt up and down the corridors. She likes their nice brothers and agreeable cousins, who pronounce her, quite loud enough for general hearing, "a sweet, pretty creature." More than either, she likes moonlight strolls on the shining beach with a certain Mr. Frank——. She passes her wardrobe in rapid review, and believing herself fully armed for a watering-place campaign, she says, aloud,

"Newport, eh, papa?"

"Newport be hanged!" is the unfeeling response. "I wish Newport were swallowed up, and the hotel-keepers alive with it! Nothing shall get me to Newport again!"

"Oh! dear Pa, you like it so much when you're there—you know you do! You meet so many friends, and there are sure to be some of your old flames there, who always tell you how young you're looking! Never say you don't like Newport!"

PATER (*with concentrated energy*). "Shall I tell you what I think of Newport? (*with solemnity*) I—think—Newport—a—humbug! and if it wasn't for Saratoga it would be *the* greatest humbug of this humbugging age!"

AUNT. "I'm very glad to hear you say so at last, Mr. C——. Haven't *I* said the same thing over and over, and year after year, until I am tired of repeating it? There's nothing in Newport to please any body, that I can see. There's not a hotel in sight of the sea any where in the town, and all the glimpse you get of it is from your bedroom windows, over the tops of the houses. You can't go to the beach without half a mile of walking, and when you do get there, there are no shells for the children, and the shallowest water for bathing that I ever saw. If it is pleasant to have to wade out for an hour before the waves reach your knees, then the Newport bathing must be perfect. But I call it only fit for children and cowards. As to the drives, there are just about half a dozen pretty ones, and that's all. There's only flirting, gossiping, dressing, and looking at each other's wardrobes, for us women to do; and for you men, there's nothing but what's worse. What people see in Newport I can't tell. The fact is, they don't see any thing but themselves."

GEORGE (*who adores Newport*). "Why, Aunt, I'm sure we've always had very nice times there. Plenty of pretty girls, I know, and lots of fun." George has been anxiously cultivating his first mustache, with an eye to conquest in some such *locale*; and *entre nous*, I know that the "little bill" at his tailors, where he has been strengthening his external forces by some "stunning neat things," is of a size and sum not to be scored off for a long time to come."

CORDELIA. "Oh! let it be the White Mountains!"

"And home by Lake George and Saratoga!" exclaims Sophia. Sophia wears curls, you remember, which *will* not keep in curl by the sea-side, therefore the dry air of the Springs has peculiar charms for her; the others, who wear their hair plain" (*do* you know what that means?), are less limited in their selections. Haven't you observed that the ringleted beauties *never* go to the sea-side if they can possibly help it? I could mention two or three New York belles to you, who go nowhere but to Saratoga, because their curls won't permit them. Misty mountains and salt-water breezes are alike forbidden to them; and "that's the reason why."

PATER. "Well, one thing I know very well, no more crowded and *fashionable* (*contemptuously*) hotels for me! I've made up my mind. Neither Newport nor Saratoga will see me this year!"

Chorus of indig- } "Not go to Saratoga!"
nant and high } "Not go to Newport!!"
Sopranos. } "Not go to any hotel!!!"

PATER. "No! I've done with all that nonsense. Go by yourselves, if you must go; you don't want me. At least if you do, it is only to be umbrella-bearer to the family on the journey, and, when at the end of it, to take you all in to dinner. Why must I be there to parade you down those stifling-hot dining-rooms, and sit down beside you all for two hours together, simply because you are afraid of being thought 'unprotected females?' I don't like rooms where I can't breathe, nor dinners where I can get nothing fit to eat."

ALL. "Oh! but we can't *possibly* go any where, or stay any where, without a gentleman, you know!"

CORDELIA again. "Do say the White Mountains; we can do just what we please there; we need never dress, you know, but can go about in our traveling dresses all day long if we like, and ramble in the woods, and among the little waterfalls, so delightful! And you know what good fishing there is, Pa; and remember, Angy, Frank talks of going up to Conway to sketch, and you could stroll with him, in that pretty brown flat you've been trimming all this morning; and then—"

PATER. "Well now, what do you all say to some nice farm-house, where we can be as quiet as mice, and enjoy ourselves and the country like rational beings. Somewhere with good country fare, plenty of cream and fresh butter.

AUNT. "Yes, Mr. C., plenty of good cream; that would attract me a great way too. Cream, I mean, that is not made at the confectioner's, nor mixed at the druggist's, as I believe it is in England, but honest cream made by cows. I shouldn't say no to that; but where is it?"

PATER. "I don't exactly know myself; but I can't help thinking it might be found, and with nice fishing in the neighborhood too."

At the bare suggestion of a "farm-house" we look aghast. Our feminine hearts absolutely contract at the very notion of all our "sweet summer things" being bestowed upon a "quiet farm-house." Who is to admire us, pray, at a "quiet farm-house?" Who is to amuse us? and how can we amuse ourselves?

I need not, my dear Sir, remind you, an obedient member of a well-regulated gynocracy, that if two women say one thing, and ten men say the reverse, those women—time and opportunity favoring—will unobtrusively carry their point. Your sex is forcible, but not firm. It yields unconsciously to constant and well-applied pressure. I conclude, therefore, that this important question in the Home Department will not long remain unsettled; and that I shall soon be able to give some definite idea of our future movements. But I hardly expect that the "quiet farm-house" will have much to do with them. For the present, good-by. Yours ever.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DRAWING-ROOM.

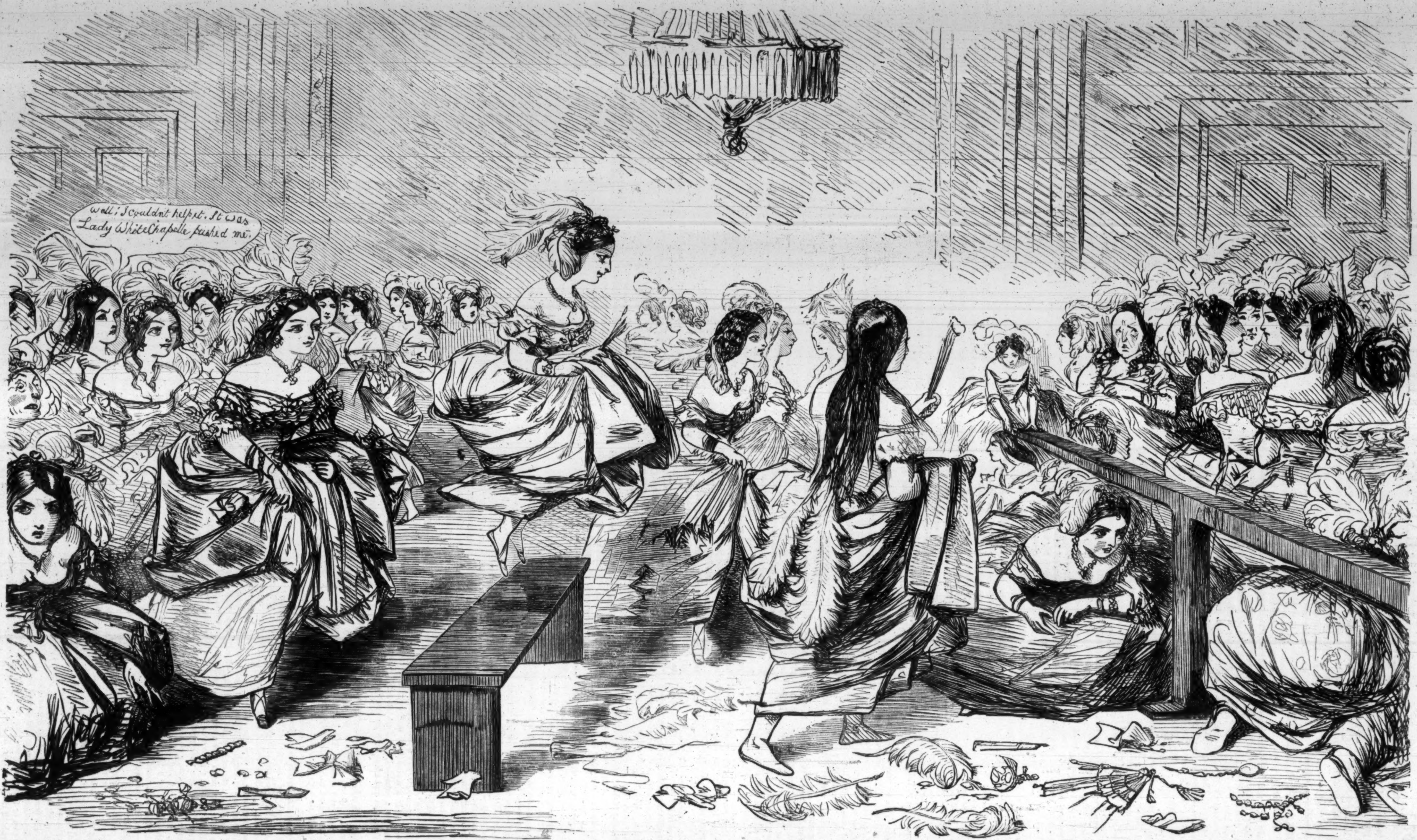
WE engrave on the following page a scene from the late Drawing-room held by her Majesty the Queen of England. The picture will tell its own story. In a word, the rooms allotted to the Queen for the reception of her loyal subjects on such occasions as these, are woefully inadequate to receive such crowds as seek admission; and the consequence is such a scene of gymnastics and disarray as the illustration depicts. At the late Drawing-room, in the words of an eye-witness and sufferer:

> "People are crowded by the police into a 'pen,' and made to go through a series of rapid evolutions till they find themselves once more in the same durance. To protect the approach to the celebrated Pen the Lord Chamberlain had cunningly constructed of old benches, by the advice of Todtleben, a sort of outwork; this at first was regarded with some awe and respect, but as the pressure in the rear became greater, some lady more adventurous than the rest actually cleared the outside fence; her example was soon followed, the Irishwomen taking the lead, and clearing the fences with that peculiar tact for which their country horses are so celebrated. The Marchioness of D., the Countess of L., my Lady E., were seen going over in first-rate style; but an unfortunate English girl, Miss F. C. L., not so well educated, having scrambled on to the top of the bank, was drawing breath previous to the final spring, when suddenly her progress was arrested by one of the helmeted veterans crying out at the top of his voice, 'Hallo, madame; the Lord Chamberlain desires the ladies will not leap over the fences!' The poor girl fell back into her father's arms, an old soldier, who briefly but not very courteously replied, in a deep guttural tone, 'The Lord Chamberlain be ——!' to which doom I fancied that I heard several sweet and gentle voices whisper, 'Amen!' To superintend the Court arrangements of the richest and greatest Sovereign on the earth, this said Lord Chamberlain and his staff are paid some £5000 or £6000 a year."

It need hardly be explained to our readers that the public Drawing-room is *the* event of the season in the fashionable world of London. Drawing-rooms follow each other at long intervals: when the Queen has presented the nation with a new Prince or Princess, or when she has been abroad, or when she has been ill, or when any event has taken place which may reasonably be supposed to have heightened the desire of her subjects to see her in the flesh, her Majesty holds a Drawing-room. As the momentous occasion approaches, the Lord Chamberlain and the grand officials who have the privilege of presenting strangers, are overrun by applications for the honor of being admitted to the royal presence. Every body who is any body wants to go; the Lord Chamberlain has circulars printed declining to admit applicants. For the rare and radiant privilege of admission to Court is among the priceless treasures that are denied to the multitude. Neither worth, genius, nor wealth can insure admission; blood alone—the genuine ichor—is the talisman before which the Lord Chamberlain's wand descends, and the palace doors open. Noblemen, their wives, sisters, daughters, daughters-in-law, sons, grandsons, nephews, nieces, and their kith and kin generally can usually obtain the coveted favor; but Charles Dickens sought it in vain, and the richest merchants, the greatest mechanics in England dare not hope for such an honor. The Lord Chamberlain, like the old lady in the novel, will be satisfied with nothing but blood!

To be presented at Court involves the necessity of finding a "presenter," who, however, need only just have been presented himself. Mankind is divided by the Lord Chamberlain into two classes—persons who have been presented, and who therefore exist, and persons who have not been presented, and who consequently have no official existence for him.

The act of presentation is very simple. The person presented is announced by the Deputy of the Chamberlain, walks past the Sovereign and bows, then retires, backward. Should the sover-


Well; I couldn't help it. It was Lady Whitechapelle pushed me.

PRESENT STYLE OF STORMING THE PALACE WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA HOLDS A DRAWING-ROOM.

eign please, the visitor may be spoken to; but this indulgence is seldom accorded; especially in these later times, when the number of presentations is so great that the mere labor of acknowledging the salute of so many visitors is severe in the extreme. In George the Third's time, it was always usual for the King and Queen to chat with their visitors. Madame D'Arblay tells an amusing story of a Drawing-room of these times which was held during a London fog. The Queen, in describing it to her, declared that the fog was so dense that she couldn't recognize any one in the room; after being rudely jostled and pushed about, she took refuge near a wall, in the hope that the visitors would find her out. Two or three did approach her, and her Majesty addressed them:

"Sir, who are you?" or "Madam, what is your name?" this being, according to the Queen's account, the only method by which she could identify them, though the Drawing-room was held early in the afternoon.

People are usually presented at Court on the occasion of some event of importance in their lives; for instance, noblemen's sons are presented on their attaining their majority, noblemen on obtaining their titles, army and navy officers on their promotion, judges on their elevation to the bench, ladies on their marriage, and so on. A standing joke, in Court circles, turns upon the *bévue* of a lady, the wife of a well-known personage in the London world, who, having spent her youth far away from the meretricious allurements of Courts, was enabled, late in life, by the newly conferred rank of her husband, to command the envied privilege; and thinking it only right to connect her presentation to royalty with some domestic era of her own, insisted on being presented "on the birth of her ninth boy." The Queen, it is said, was highly gratified by such patriotism.

Our countrymen, as is known, enjoy a peculiar privilege in respect of presentations at foreign Courts. The rule of all the European Courts is that a person who has been presented at the Court of his own sovereign, may claim a like privilege at all foreign courts; but none others. At our republican Court, as the world knows, every one is welcome; whence it would follow that every American is entitled to the privilege of presentation abroad. In practice, a wide latitude is left to our foreign ministers; and not the least onerous part of their duties consists in eluding entreaties from their countrymen to present them at Court. Mr. Mason has been at times driven frantic by the persistent demands of our friends who are traveling abroad for admission to the Imperial presence at the Tuileries.

In London, our ministers have usually been very discreet in introducing their countrymen—if for no other reason, because the utterly inadequate accommodations afforded by the palace necessarily restricted all embassadors to a limited circle of introductions.

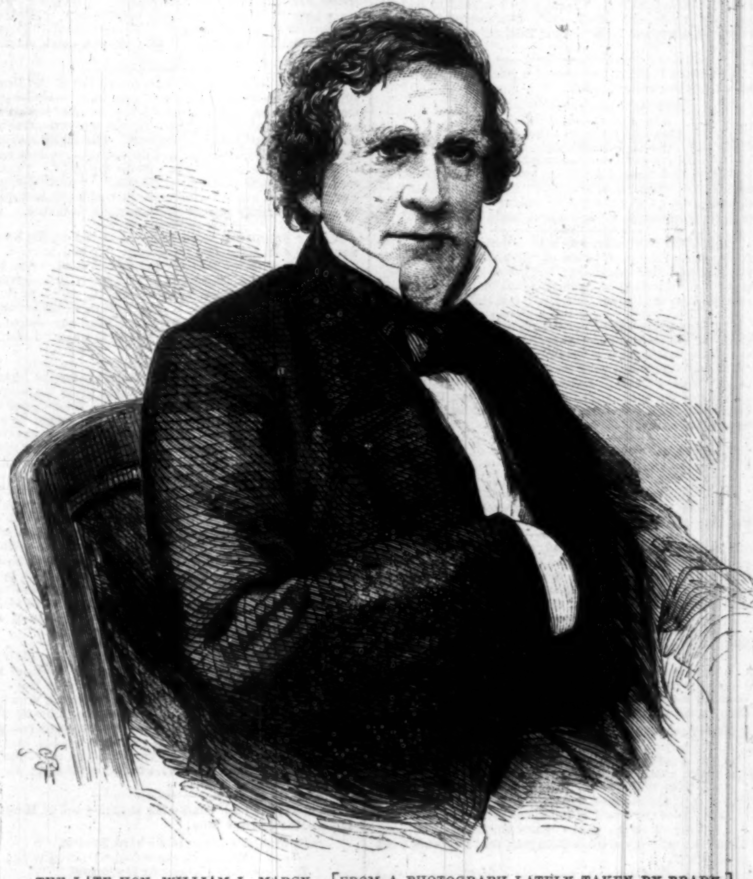
We are inclined to add, in confirmation of our former extract, the following vivid sketch of the late Drawing-room, from the pen of a titled lady:

"I fell into the line at a few minutes after one o'clock in New Bond Street, and arrived at the Palace at a quarter after two, ascended the crowded stairs, and in due time reached the Armory, where I joined my friends, the Countess Dowager of ——, her daughter, and two other ladies. We had no gentleman with us, and were soon wedged in the centre of a dense throng, momentarily increasing from behind, and, as the bar was not down, it was impossible to advance an inch, as all the narrow limits of that apartment and the next were filled nearly to suffocation. After waiting patiently for half an hour or longer we found the obstruction was removed, and, impelled onward by the vexed multitude in the rear, we entered the room where our first cards were received. This occasioned another stoppage, but the gentlemen on duty were so alert and adroit in receiving them that we got on without much difficulty to the entrance of the 'chamber of horrors,' and were in the act of entering, when a tall, athletic, burly, red-faced biped in a deputy-lieutenant's uniform, with a short lady on his arm, having forced his way up the side of the room, broke through all rules of order or good breeding by endeavoring to wrestle himself and the lady into the room before us. Perceiving his intentions to be desperate, I entreated him not to push till we were through the door-way, where the pressure was already frightful. 'Kindly grant us a moment's grace, Sir,' I said, 'and we shall all be through without difficulty, and you will follow in the line.' Without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, he resolutely effected his purpose, and that with such reckless disregard to the feelings of the ladies with whom he came into contact that I was precipitated over a bench, which had been fixed, most improperly, as if to continue the obstruction of the narrow entrance. I do not suspect the author of the accident meant to commit an outrage, which might, had it happened in Queen Elizabeth's days, when the Earl-Marshal's baton was not borne in vain, have been productive of awful consequences to himself. This was merely the result of a selfish desire of accomplishing his own object of getting up to the Pen as soon as possible.

"In regard to my own accident, of which I still bear the traces, I am only too thankful to escape so well; for, though I fell on a soft carpet, the skin was broken and blackened on the right temple, and my brooch and bracelet broken by the violence of the fall, my dress torn, and myself rudely shaken. The ladies among whom I was precipitated were very kind and compassionate to me, administering salts and Eau de Cologne, so that I presently recovered sufficiently to proceed, though I had the mortification of passing through the Royal presence with a visible proof of the ungentle treatment I had undergone on my brow. The man in scarlet who had overthrown me took no notice of the accident his rudeness had occasioned, nor have I the slightest idea who he was. The confusion at going away was, if possible, worse than the difficulties of the approach. The crush and bad order in the lobby prevented me from reaching my carriage when it was called several times, so that I did not leave the Palace till past six in the evening, in a state of great exhaustion."

The most curious part of the affair is that the rooms appropriated for these occasions have been known to be inadequate for nearly a hundred years. When George the Third was a middle-aged man, Queen Charlotte complained as bitterly of the crowd and of the heat of the Drawing-room as any of the modern sufferers do.

It must be confessed that under present circumstances, with the prospect of a torn dress, lacerated limbs, exhaustion, and agony from heat and want of air—with the certainty of appearing before royalty (that awful ordeal) in disgraceful disorder, with broken hoop, disarranged lace, and tattered head-dress—the idea of a presentation at Court can not be very pleasing to the noble ladies of England, or their American visitors either. It must be a slow affair. Those were different times when at the close of a Drawing-room under Charles the Second, the company were entertained by a wedding between Lady Castlemaine and the young and lovely Mrs. Stuart; no sham affair, but a real wedding with religious ceremony, congratulations, garter mystery, and posset cup; and if the scandalous gossips of that day did whisper that Lady Castlemaine refused to yield her post to any person in that realm short of the King himself—was it not a proof of her intense loyalty? And that was another rare Drawing-room—under the same merry monarch—when in the midst of the presentations and the gayety, a low wail was heard on the ground, and a poor little helpless new-born infant was found in front of the throne. "Who is the mother?" was of course the cry. But fashion and shame stifled the maternal instinct; no one claimed the little creature. Some courtier picked it up, and joked about it in the coarse style of the period; and the infant cried; and more courtiers joked, and the ladies said clever things; and the King, as merry as usual, said cleverer things than any—in the midst of all which the poor little wretched baby died. There was a start among the courtiers when its heart ceased to beat.


THE LATE HON. WILLIAM L. MARCY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LATELY TAKEN BY BRADY.]

But the merry monarch, with his pleasant smile, rallied them on their faint-heartedness,

"Why are ye grave, gentlemen? I am a greater loser by the boy's death than any of you—for I lose a subject. Yet my spirits, thank God, are not cast down."

And he took home the infant corpse *and dissected it.*

THE LATE WILLIAM L. MARCY.

THE death of the Hon. William L. Marcy has compelled his bitterest opponents to acknowledge that he was one of the foremost men in the State and in the country. Praises—enthusiastic, but sincere and just—have been lavished upon his memory by the organs of every political party; by none has he been better appreciated than by those who had found in him an unswerving and formidable opponent.

He commenced life with many advantages. Descended from a wholesome Puritan stock—his great-grandfather, Colonel Moses Marcy, fills no small space in the history of Massachusetts, and may still be traced in the mills which bear his name in Worcester County, in that State—he inherited patriotism, manliness, and a just appreciation of the rights of labor. He was favored with the best education the country could afford, and was a distinguished graduate of Brown University, Providence. He was thrown upon his own resources at an early age, and was planted in fresh soil, far from his family. Such advantages might well develop the power that was in him.

At the outbreak of the war in 1812, being then twenty-six years of age, a lawyer at Troy, and a not unfrequent writer for the press, he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the volunteer army; and, we are told, distinguished himself by breaking open the door of a house filled with the enemy's troops, making the whole party prisoners, and carrying off a flag, which was the first trophy won during the war. The pen, however, and not the sword, was destined to be Mr. Marcy's most effective weapon.

At thirty he became Recorder of Troy, and soon after distinguished himself by a policy so strikingly in contrast with his later course that the two are worth comparing. The legitimate head of the Democratic party—or Republican, as it was then called—was De Witt Clinton. In that party a faction was growing up, which was known as the Bucktails. Martin Van Buren was its chief, but he supported regular nominations. Recorder Marcy took the responsibility of dividing the party in Rensselaer County, and running a separate Bucktail ticket—whereby, of course, the county went Federalist. Thirty years afterward, when a new faction—the Van Buren Free-Soilers—arose in the same Democratic party, the parts were changed; it was Mr. Van Buren who led the seceders, it was Marcy who took the lead in trying to reconcile the two factions, and reunite the Democracy. He had learned the political duty of faithfulness to party at all costs.

In 1818 he lost his recordership, by way of penalty for his "treason," as the Clintonians called it, and revenged himself by a pamphlet on the Senatorial vacancy, which took the wind out of their sails, and led to the election of Rufus King, the father of the present Governor of New York. In those days newspapers were not the engines they have since become. "A few pages of pointed, elegant composition," stitched together in pamphlet form, were still effective; and amidst the rage of the Clintonians—who had been roundly abused for intending to bring forward this very Rufus King—Mr. Marcy carried his point.

The pen having served him so well, he now plunged into journalism as editor of the *Troy Budget*, and made it a leading organ of his party. To the severe training he underwent as editor of this paper he always ascribed the merit of the State Papers which made him famous a quarter of a century afterward. It helped him more immediately, for he became, in 1823, State Controller—having been selected in caucus over General Tallmadge—and on the retirement of Judge Woolworth, a Judge of the Supreme Court.

The supreme power in this State was then the Albany Regency—one of the ablest cabals ever organized in our history. All of its leaders—Van Buren, Marcy, Croswell, Butler, Talcott, Wright, Skinner, Flagg, Knower—were remarkably able men; their counsels were imbued with a spirit of unity which quenched petty jealousies; they were rising men, full of activity and zeal; they had considerable political experience, and great skill as managers. Of this remarkable body Mr. Van Buren was the head, but Mr. Marcy was the heart. Others spoke, while he thought. They were all cool, calculating men; but Marcy was the coolest. None of them were shallow, but he was the deepest. In one respect he differed from most of his colleagues—he was not ambitious. When the termination of Mr. Sanford's term as United States Senator placed the vacancy at the disposal of the party, and the leaders unanimously selected him to fill it, he was chagrined at his good fortune. The evidence of his political opponent, Mr. Hammond, establishes that in his case the protestations of reluctance with which he accepted the office were sincere.

His career in the Senate was brief. He resigned his seat to accept the nomination for Governor of the State. He is remembered, however, for some excellent and manly speeches, but better still by his famous declaration, "To the victors belong the spoils," which has since become an axiom in our political ethics. It is now too late to discuss its soundness in point of expediency or morality; it were futile to condemn the principle, when the practice has become a rooted institution.

Thrice nominated and thrice elected Governor of this State, he won, during his incumbency of that office, the only element of advancement he had hitherto lacked—personal popularity. The discharge of his official duties conciliated universal esteem. His messages were—in a literary point of view—the best that had ever been laid before the State Legislature; not ornate or flowery, but plain, clear, pertinent, and forcible. It was during his Governorship that he acquired that reputation for blunt frankness and stern integrity which is usually mentioned as his leading characteristic. His message warning the public against the over-speculation prior to 1837 enraged many of his friends, who lived, however, to repent their wrath and appreciate his wisdom. His resolute opposition to the "sympathizers" who desired to take part with the insurrectionists of Canada, was another proof of his conscientiousness; it cost him thousands of votes. And we know of no incident in our State history more honorable than Governor Marcy's refusal to call an extra session of the Legislature after his defeat by Mr. Seward, in order to grant an extra lease of office to his political friends. In the words of Hammond, "His high moral sense would not permit him to lend himself to such an expedient for party purposes, even to gratify his most ardent friends."

An anecdote, hitherto unpublished, may serve to illustrate his pleasant humor. While he was Governor of this State, he was visiting Newburgh on some public occasion, and with a party of gentlemen, Whigs and Democrats, was at the Orange Hotel. Good-humor was prevailing, and one story suggested another. The Governor always enjoyed a story, and could tell one with excellent effect. A Whig lawyer was present, and the Governor recognizing him, said:

"Ah, yes; I'll tell you a good story of Spooner. The other day he came up to Albany on his way to the *Whig* Convention at Utica, and so he took it in his way to call on me to get a pardon for a convict at Sing Sing. I heard the case, examined the documents, and being satisfied that all was right, agreed to grant the request. Spooner handed me the paper to indorse, and I wrote, 'Let pardon be granted. W. L. Marcy,' when Spooner cried out, 'Hold, hold, Governor! that's the wrong paper!' And, sure enough, it was *a Whig speech that he was going to make in Utica*, abusing me the worst possible way. But I had granted pardon in advance, and I suppose he committed the offense afterward."

The story was received with great applause, and Spooner being looked to for a response, instantly went on with the following, which for an extempore story certainly is capital:

"Yes, gentlemen, yes, I did. And when the Convention was over, we went to Niagara Falls, and as we were dragging on by stage over miserable corduroy roads, banging our heads against the top of the coach and then coming down as if we were to go through the bottom, the stage came to a dead halt; the driver dismounted, opened the door, and requested us all to descend. We did so, supposing that some accident had occurred. When we were all out, standing on the ends of the logs of which the road was made, the driver took off his hat and said: 'Gentlemen, we always stop here out of respect to the Governor: this is the identical spot *where Marcy tore his pantaloons!*'"

The story was heard with great jollification, in which no one joined more heartily than the Governor himself.

That *pantaloon* incident deserves to be recorded in every history of this great man. He was sent out to hold special sessions of court to try the Anti-Masonic parties charged with murder. He was to receive a salary and his expenses. With that nice regard for details that belonged to his sterling character, he kept a minute account of all his expenditures, and handed in the list on his return, without thinking it necessary or proper to revise and strike out those items of a private nature which other men, less scrupulous in greater matters, might have carefully suppressed. There stood the tailor's charge for mending. The political foes of the Judge, when he came to be candidate for Governor, found it, and paraded it before the world in the newspapers; and making an effigy of Mr. Marcy, suspended it in the streets of Albany, with a great patch on the pantaloons, and the tailor's charge on the top of that!

But an observant people saw through the patch and the charge into the heart of the honest man, and in that very deed of his they recognized a frankness and transparency of character that commended him to their warm approbation. It is not probable that the pantaloon charge lost for him a single vote, while it is doubtless true that it made for him multitudes of friends. He was never ashamed of it, and never had reason to be.

From 1838 to 1845 Mr. Marcy devoted his time to his private business, continuing, however, to act as a leader of the party, and exercising large influence in the State. In 1845 he entered Mr. Polk's Cabinet as Minister of War, with the Mexican War on hand to test his administrative capacity. The events of that contest are too familiar to require repetition here: suffice it to say that Mr. Marcy proved the only War Minister the country ever had—Mr. Calhoun alone excepted—who understood his business. After the unfortunate dispute between the General of the Army and the Department, people were in doubt whether he excelled most as an administrator or as a controversialist.

The four years which followed General Taylor's election were spent by Mr. Marcy in endeavors to reunite the divided Democracy of this State. He succeeded; but at the sacrifice of his Presidential prospects. Had Mr. Marcy held aloof from the Van Buren party, and maintained his attitude as the chief of the Hunkers, it is almost certain that he would have obtained the nomination in 1852, and, instead of the second, would have filled the first place in the national magistracy during the Presidential term which expired a few months since. What a difference that might have made! He saw the future; he made no miscalculation; deliberately electing to sacrifice himself to save the Democratic party, he chose his part and played it manfully. The Hunkers opposed him in Convention, and Franklin Pierce got the nomination.

In one sense it is perhaps better for Mr. Marcy's fame that he figures in our history as Secretary of State, and not as President. His courage, firmness, and honesty would have made him shine in the higher capacity; but he could not have filled the part without making bitter enemies. He has none. All alike admit his abilities, his worth, his exalted character. It is well understood by his partisans and by his opponents that the errors of Mr. Pierce's administration were committed in opposition to his judgment—its excellences were his. With the exception of Mr. Guthrie, who was certainly his inferior, the Cabinet did not contain a first-class mind save his. It is said that his manner was not improved during his residence at Washington; that he grew blunter, rougher than ever; that he used to frighten timid petitioners out of the State Department. But it must be remembered that he had not only to deal with the crowd of importunate imbeciles who have dealings with Government, but likewise to counteract and keep in check a party of vexatious, whimsical, short-sighted, and foolish colleagues who, for no reason in the world, were perpetually embarrassing the action of the Government and disgracing the Administration. A milder man's temper would have been soured by such a trial.

There can be very little question but his great State papers—the dispatch on maritime rights, the dispatches on the enlistment question, and the Koszta dispatch—are the best ever issued from the State Department. No such clear, strong, logical papers have been given to the world in our day; they are a net-work of steel. The European journals have dashed themselves against them like waves against a rock, and with even less effect. The first that we have mentioned contains the kernel of the future maritime law of the world.

There yet remains another State paper of Mr. Marcy's which has not yet been published; it is the reply to Count Sartiges on the application of the residents of Greytown for indemnity. It is said to be masterly, though Mr. Marcy's private friends deny that he approved that *escapade* of President Pierce.

At the close of his term as Secretary, Mr. Marcy prepared for a voyage to Europe. He was not rich; but he had some means, and contemplated an arrangement with one of our financial institutions by which his leisure might be employed. He was in no hurry to leave; he staid a month or more at Washington, and afterward luxuriated in a renewal of his intimacy with his old associates in this State. He could not tear himself away from so many old and dear friends; for, beneath his stern manner, he was eminently a social man, given to strong attachments and keenly appreciative of the pleasures of social intercourse with the colleagues of his early days. So basking in the mellow sunshine of his honorable leisure, reaping the noblest reward a public servant can win, in the esteem and approval of the entire body of his fellow-countrymen—death overtook him.

He was a robust man, and had never complained of illness. Those who knew him promised him many years of life. On the morning of 4th July, he rose apparently in his usual health. In the course of the forenoon he spoke of feeling unwell, and walked to the house of Dr. More to consult with him. Not finding the physician at home, he left a request for him to call at his room at the hotel, and, returning, stopped at the house of George Thompson, Esq., where he complained of a "stitch" in his back, but still declined an invitation to ride, and walked back to the Sans Souci. He retired to his own room, put on his morning-gown and slippers, and lay down upon his bed with a book in his hand. Dr. More called about one o'clock, and on entering his room found him dead! Not a muscle was distorted, no change had passed upon his face; he lay on his back, with a book open on his breast. Death had been instantaneous. The announcement was instantly made in the house; the boarders hastened to the room to render service. They were too late, and a lady from this city closed the still open eyes of the departed statesman.

Like Jefferson and Adams, he had died on the 4th July, in the midst of a nation's rejoicing.

A story is told of him and his friend General Wool, which possesses some interest at the present time. Forty years ago, General Wool was a dry goods merchant in Troy. Having failed in his business, he was in doubt whether to study law or pursue some other career; and having great faith in the judgment of young Marcy, with whom he was intimate, he referred his difficulty to him. Marcy unhesitatingly dissuaded him from studying law, and advised him to apply for a company in the new levies which were being made to prosecute the war. The advice was followed; and hence, through Mr. Marcy's counsels, the city of Troy has lost a respectable lawyer, and the country has gained an admirable officer.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying, "That they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable."

Consider with yourself whether the wise and good would value you more or less if they knew your whole character.

A little friend, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. The question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance where would it go to?"

"I say, boy, stop that ox." "I haven't got no stopper, Sir." "Well, head him, then." "He's already headed, Sir." "Confound your impertinence—turn him." "He's right side out already, Sir." "Speak to him, you rascal, you." "Good-morning, Mr. Ox."

A friend of Charles Lamb's once said to him, "I am about to open a preparatory school for children. What sort of a sign shall I put out?" "'The Murder of the Innocents,'" was his prompt reply.

Rousseau used to say, "that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written."

Frenchman. "Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for zat room."

Landlady. "Oh, you know we at the watering-places must make hay while the sun shines."

Frenchman (*indignant*). "Be gar, Madame, you sall nevare make ze hay of me. You must not zink zat because all flesh is grass zat you can make hay of me."

A pretty foot is generally an indication of a pretty face, for the reason that "all's well that ends well."

Mrs. Jameson says—"The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sugar of life is poetry; the water of life is faith."

An Alabamian, a few days since, went out to see the dépôt of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near the dépôt were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, he shouted to one, "Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has, Sir," was the prompt response.

A grammarian conjugated the increasing heat in somewhat the following style: "Hot, hotter, hottest; hottentot, hottentoter, hottentotest; hottentotissimo, hottentotissimus, hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as four ovens, hot as seven ovens hot!" How comfortable to contemplate this away-down-below-zero weather!

What tables are most used throughout the world?—Vege-tables, ea-tables, cons-tables, and time-tables.

A couple named Jerry Better and Louisa Well were lately married. The man who was killed by medicine had his epitaph written, "I was *well*, I wished to be *better*, took physic, and here I am." Louisa could say, "I was *Well*, I wished to be *Better*, took Jerry, and here I am."

A Western "Poick" witnessed a pugilistic encounter which he thus immortalized;

And Isaic he pitched into hymn
And hymn pitched into he,
Ye waye the fiytte it was a sin,
And horybel to see.

"Pray, Mrs. Zabriska, why do you whip your children so often?" "La, Mrs. Worthy! I do it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life, that he didn't acknowledge that it made him smart!"

Walsh, the publisher, was said to have gained £1500 sterling from the publication of "Rinaldo," which drew from Händel this complaint: "My dear Sir, as it is only right that we should be upon an equal footing, *you* shall compose the next opera, and *I* will sell it."

"This is George the Fourth, said an exhibitor of waxwork for the million, at threepence each, pointing to a very slim figure, with a theatrical crown on his head." "I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator. "Very likely," replied the man shortly, not approving of the comment of his visitor; "but if you'd a been here without victuals half so long as he has, you'd been twice as thin."

"Jimmy, are your folks all well?"

"Yes, ma'am, all but Sally Ann."

"Why, what's the matter with her?"

"Oh, nothin' particular—only she had the hoopin' cough once, and she hain't never got over it. The cough ain't any account now, but she has the *hoop* desp'rate."

The question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

Some hearts, like primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

A new museum is about being started in the Moon. The highest price is offered for all real curiosities—not sham ones—to stock it with. Cash paid for the following, or orders on the Wild Cat Bank, which is just as good, viz.:

Nails from the claws of a hammer.
A bird's-eye view from the top of the morning.
A receipt of the dews of eve.
A leg of a toad-stool.
A pig from the pen that was mightier than the sword.
A map of the State of Matrimony.
Knots from the board of foreign missions.
A bill drawn on the banks of the Shannon.
And the mummy of the honest man that Diogenes went in search of.

These moon-fanatics believe, and actually assert, that we have not a real live honest man now upon the face of our earth. Must be a mistake.

A young lady returning late from the opera, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter; "I can lift you over it," said coachy. "Oh no," said the sweet miss, "I am too heavy." "Lor, miss," replied John, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar."

Two persons contending very sharply on matters regarding a late election, got to rather high words, when one of them said, "You never catch a lie coming out of my mouth." The other replied, "You may well say that, for they fly out so fast that nobody can catch 'em."

Naturally, women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us in his Hebrew Lexicon that the mimeval name Eve, is derived from a root signifying talk; and it was, perhaps, to a dim idea of this kind that the Rabbins owed their tradition, that twelve baskets of chitchat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbors to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise, for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with; of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.

At the time the cholera was so bad in Prague, Dr. R. was called out of a warehouse suddenly to see a patient. At the time he entered the sick-room the family physician did the same. The two doctors found their patient in a strong perspiration, and put both their hands under the bed-clothes, in order to feel his pulse, but, by accident, got hold of each other's.

"He has the cholera!" cried Dr. X.

"No such thing," said the other; "he's only drunk!"

The officer of the deck on board a man-of-war asked the man at the wheel, one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind.

"Southayst," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add Sir to his answer.

"You'd better put a few more s's in your answer when you speak to me," said the huffy lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, Sir-r-r," returned the witty Irishman.

A day or two after the officer called out again,

"How does she head now?"

"Southayst and be south, half south and a little southerly, Sir-ree, your honor, Sir!" screamed Pat.

"Come here, and tell me what the four seasons are?"

Young prodigy answers, "Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother always seasons with."

A day or two ago a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarreling in the street. The broad-brimmed friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other.

"Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the sentence with an oath.

"Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself."

An admirable question for a new Debating Society: Which can smell a rat the quickest—the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congealing heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

Nervous Old Lady. "Dear me! what makes the cars stop here? Is there any thing the matter?"

Smart Young Man. "Yes, marm; a chaw of tobacco is lying right before the locomotive. As soon as it's removed we will be under way again."

"Charlie, my boy, why do you stand there?" said an over-anxious mother to her son at a fashionable party; "go in and enjoy yourself. You look like a statue. There's Miss J.—she's a splendid creature—plump as a partridge; shall I introduce you?"

"No, I thank ye. I saw the lady in bathing at Nahant last summer. Excuse me."

A backwoodsman and his sweet-heart, the other day, happened to be in a drug store, when a party of gents called for and drank soda water. Backwoods didn't know what it was, but made up his mind to try it, and after drinking a glass of the cooling fluid, he turned to the lady, and remarked, "Sal, that's dern'd good; why don't you buy some?"

A worthy old farmer, who thoroughly detested taxes and tax-gatherers, was once called on by a collector a second time for taxes he had once paid, but for which he had mislaid the receipt; and as he told the story to his friend,

"Would you believe it, Sir, the fellow began to abuse me!"

"Well," said his friend, "what did you do?"

"Do! why I remonstrated with him."

"And to what effect?"

"Well, I don't know to what effect, but the *poker was bent*!"

A traveler in the backwoods met with a settler near a house, and inquired, "Whose house?" "Mog's." "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbors?" "Frogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "Your diet?" "Hogs." "How do you catch them?" "Dogs."

A cunning old Dutchman was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature some years ago, from —— County. On one occasion, he promised a lobby member to vote for a certain local measure—but when the measure came up, he voted against it, and it was lost. The lobby member came to him in great wrath, and the following colloquy ensued: "Sir, you promised to vote for my bill." "Vell," said the Dutch member, "vat if I did." "Well, Sir, you lied." "Vell, vat if I did," was the cool reply, and quite as honest as many replies that are more elaborate.

A lady occupying room letter B at one of the hotels wrote on the slate the following: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let us be,' don't let us be; nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand at half-past seven." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into the thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-man.

Friends are in the habit of warmly greeting their acquaintances upon the arrival of passenger trains at this as well as at all station-houses. It was only the other day that a young gentleman rushed through a crowd toward a lady, seized her hand, and gave her a hearty kiss, the smack of which sounded above—we were going to say the ding of dongs; but it's enough to state that the report startled a country lass hard by, who exclaimed to her "feller," "Massy, Josh! what on airth's gev way on the keers?"

An epitaph which graces the church-yard of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, runs thus;

"Here lie the bones of Richard Sawton,
Whose death, alas, was strangely brought on;
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off.
His toe—or rather, what it grew to—
An inflammation quickly flew to;
Which took, alas, to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying."

An old lady, from the country, had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple-pie. "La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?" "Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

Bonaparte presented Moreau on one occasion with a magnificent pair of pistols, and paid him a striking compliment: "I intended," said he, "to have the names of your victories engraved upon them, but there was not room for them."

A sailor having purchased some medicine of a celebrated doctor, demanded the price of it.

"Why," says the doctor, "I can not think of charging you less than seven and sixpence."

"Well, I'll tell you what," replied the sailor, "take off the odd, and I will pay you the even."

"Well," returned the doctor, "we don't quarrel about trifles."

The sailor laid down sixpence and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake.

"No mistake at all, Sir; six is even and seven is odd, all over the world, so I bid you good-day."

"Get you gone," said the Doctor, "I've made fourpence out of you yet."

A Dutchman, in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said: "Dey wash very mooch alike, 'specially de off one. One looked so mooch like both, I could not tell toder from which; when I went after de one I always caught de oder, and I whipped the one almost to death because de oder kicked at me."

Nature, where she plants vegetable poisons, generally provides an antidote; so, in the moral world, she causes sympathies to spring up by the side of antipathies. Outward politeness can be learned in set forms at school, for at the best it will be hollow and deceptive. Genuine politeness, like every thing else genuine, comes from the heart. One by one, the objects of our affections depart from us; but our affections remain, and, like vines, stretch forth their broken wounded tendrils for support. Harsh words are like hailstones, which if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down. "Being our own masters" sometimes means that we are to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices, and passions.

A fellow who is considered rather "soft," speaking the other day of the many inventions which have been made by the present generation, exultingly wound up with—

"For my part, I believe every generation grows wiser and wiser; for there's my father, he know'd more'n my grandfather, and I believe I know a leetle more'n my father did." "My dear Sir," remarked a by-stander, "what an old fool your great grandfather must have been!"

The following was picked up in the street a few days since, accompanying a little bunch of glossy brown hair, which looked as if it had been pulled out with a fine-tooth comb:

Och, Biddy, me darlint,
Here's a lock of me hair,
An' if there's snarl in it,
Never a bit do I care,
Any how!

I'm goin' off, Biddy,
To work on the track,
Ye can take it, and kape it,
Until I get back,
If ye like;

But if you don't, you can let it alone, be dad I'm not particular.

A gentleman who has a very strong desire to be a funny man, sat down upon a hooped skirt the other day. With a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled, "I'm sitting on the style, Mary."

Magistrate. "What has brought you here, Sir?"

Prisoner. "Two policemen, please your honor."

Magistrate. "Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it?"

Prisoner. "Yes, Sir; they were both drunk."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, July* 13, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets exhibited no really new feature. Flour was rather plentier, and closed a shade cheaper, with but a moderate inquiry, chiefly from home dealers. We now quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 20 @ $6 80; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 20 @ $6 45; low to choice extra Western do. $6 50 @ $10 25; fancy to extra Genesee do. $6 85 @ $9 75; low to choice extra Canadian do. $6 80 @ $9 00; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 10 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $6 00; Corn Meal, $4 00 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 30 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is in light supply and generally limited request. White, old, $1 72 @ $1 95; Red, old, $1 45 @ $1 72, per bushel. The arrivals and sales of New Wheat have, thus far, been very limited—Wednesday last—the first sales this season of New Red Tennessee, were effected at $2 00 @ $2 02 per bushel. Corn has been in good demand at strengthening prices. Sound lots are not abundant. Mixed 85 @ 86½ c.; Yellow 88 @ 95 c.; White 90 c. @ $1 00; Rye $1 16 @ $1 18; Western Oats 65 @ 67 c.; State do. 60 @ 65 c.; Jersey do. 61 @ 65 c.; Southern do. 55 @ 60 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 75 per bushel. The total exports of Breadstuffs from this port, between September 1, 1856, and June 30, 1857, embraced 809,725 barrels. Wheat-Flour—5,414,358 bushels Wheat, and 2,989,724 bushels Corn to Great Britain and Ireland, with 201,499 barrels Wheat-Flour, 1,877,899 bushels Wheat, 398,828 bushels Corn, and 198,196 bushels Rye, to the Continent of Europe. Cotton ruled quiet yet steady. Middling Uplands 14½ @ 14¾ c.; do. Gulfs 14¾ @ 15 c. per pound. Our available stock of Cotton is now about 43,000 bales, against 44,700 bales same time last year. In the Grocery trade Coffee and Teas have been moderately sought after at old prices, while a livelier inquiry has existed for Sugar and Molasses, but the former have declined ¼ to ½ c. per pound, and the latter has fallen, partially, 2 @ 4 c. per gallon. Provisions were in fair request, chiefly Hog products, which increased in value. We now quote: Mess Pork $22 75 @ $22 80; Prime Pork $19 15; Repacked Western Mess Beef $16 00 @ $17 00, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $28 00 to $30 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $22 25 @ $23 50 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13 c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14½ @ 14¾ c.; New State Butter 17 to 25 c.; Cheese 5 @ 10 c. per pound. No important alteration occurred in other leading commodities.

Freights were quiet and rates were somewhat nominal. To Liverpool, Cotton, 2s. 6d. @ 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 3d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 9d. per tierce; Resin, 4½d. @ 6d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 7s. 6d. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels in this port on Saturday was 792, including 33 steamers, 184 ships, 150 barks, 125 brigs, and 300 schooners.

The Live Stock Market opened last Wednesday with a moderate demand, at last week's prices, for Beeves, but as soon as it became known the supply was less extensive than on the previous market day, sellers advanced their claims, a livelier inquiry sprang up, and a partial improvement of one cent per pound was realized. The general average rise, however, was only about ¼ @ ½ c. per pound. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were 2744 Beeves, 253 Milch Cows, 715 Veal Calves, 10,447 Sheep and Lambs, and 1236 Swine, against 3451 Beeves, 303 Milch Cows, 834 Veal Calves, 10,701 Sheep and Lambs, and 4002 Swine the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Ohio, and New York. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 9½ c. for the poorest, to 13 c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 11 c. per pound. Owing to the fact that cattle held over from the previous week were added to the number offered for sale last Wednesday, the available supply exceeded the reported receipts at the principal markets during the week. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, were in very slack request, and were heavy in price. The range was from $20 00 for common, to $60 00 for extra, per head. Veal Calves continued in moderate supply and demand at easier rates, viz., 4½ @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were even plentier, and cheaper, yet not active. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $3 00 @ $7 00 per head. Swine were salable, and worth 6¾ @ 7½ c. for live, and 8½ @ 9½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market varied so little during the week, that no extended remarks are necessary.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$4 50	@	$5 25
Apples, Dried, State, per pound	10	@	12½
Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$3 50	@	$5 00
" per quart box	14	@	18
Cherries, per pound	8	@	15
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	16	@	20
Gooseberries, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 50
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	$4 00	@	$5 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 00
" new, per barrel	$4 00	@	$6 00
Onions, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	—
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	$3 00	@	$4 00
Tomatoes, per basket	$3 00	@	$3 50
Lettuce, per hundred	$1 00	@	$1 25
Rhubarb, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
" per basket	75	@	$1 00
White Beans, per bushel	$2 25	@	—
String Beans, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	75	@	$1 00
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 75	@	$3 00
Parsley, per 100	$2 00	@	$3 00
Watermelons, per 100	$30 00	@	$50 00
Beets, per barrel	$4 50	@	$5 00
" per 100 bunches	$6 00	@	—
Cucumbers, per 100	$3 00	@	$4 00
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	20
" State, per pound	17	@	25
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	17
Fowls, per pound	14	@	16
Live Fowls, per pair	75	@	$1 00
Ducks, Domestic, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 50
" " per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	20
Geese, each	$1 50	@	$1 75
Pigeons, wild, per dozen	75	@	$1 25
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 50
Beef, per pound	9	@	13
Mutton, per pound	8½	@	12
Lamb, per pound	10	@	13
Veal, per pound	8½	@	10½
Pork, per pound	9	@	9½

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, July* 13, 1857.

THE trade of the port last week was large.

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 11, 1857	$7,685,666	$1,112,879
Corresponding week, 1856	4,541,213	1,737,545
Decrease		$624,666
Increase	$3,144,453	

It will be noticed that the import trade of the corresponding week last year was unusually large, yet this exceeds it by over three millions. In consequence of the operation of the new tariff, large quantities of goods were entered for consumption; it is estimated that twelve millions of goods were put on the market last week.

The outflow of specie is checked for the present, exchange having materially fallen. The export for the week was $1,184,115; but the Sub-Treasury gain, in consequence of the heavy payments for duties, was over half a million, so that the arrival from California yesterday—with a million and a half—will be pretty well absorbed.

Money continues to be easy at the old rates—7 for first class, 9 @ 12 for second; 15 @ 20 for inferior grades. Stocks are not so firm as they were at this time last week, though they are better sustained at the late advance than was expected. We quote Erie at 28, N. Y. Central at 80, Michigan Southern at 46½, Cleveland and Toledo at 58; Illinois Central at 120, &c., &c.

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